

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 136.—VOL. VI.]

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

[PRICE 4d.
Unstamped.]

The Opening of Parliament.
New Phase of the Cotton Scarcity.
The Military Situation in America.
British Trade in China.
The Brazilian Difficulty.
New Banking Companies.

The Marquis of Lansdowne.
Colenso on Kinglake.
A Horse-Stealer in Search of the Beautiful.
Fire and Fashion.
The Throne of Greece.
The Comic Press in Prussia.
The Trial of Effie Deans.

The Past Week.
REVIEWS:—
Daniel Manin.
Les Matinées Royales.
Mr. Story's "Rome."
Bellew's "Afghanistan."
French Literature.
Short Notices.

ART AND SCIENCE:—
Music.
Contemporary Science.
The Royal Institution.
The Anthropological Association.
List of Meetings.
List of New Books.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

THE gloom cast for more than an entire year upon the country, by the loss of a pure-hearted and accomplished Prince, is broken this week by Her Majesty's formal announcement to Parliament of the coming marriage of the Heir to the Throne. England, which has mourned so sincerely for the loss of the Father, will rejoice again to sympathize with the happiness of the Son. English attachment to the Queen is composed of true affection rather than of conventional loyalty; and no movement can take place within her family circle that does not interest and concern the public at large. But the marriage of our future King is an event which his mother's subjects cannot watch with purely unselfish feelings. Happy is the country where there are none but happy Royal marriages! The private life and virtues of Her Majesty have been to England a public blessing; and it is a matter of thankfulness and pride to know that the blameless career of the parents will be reflected in the career of their royal children. Though the ceremony itself is to take place at Windsor, care will be taken that the metropolis loses little of the usual splendour of a royal matrimonial *fête*. The Queen's subjects will not grudge her in her widowhood the luxury of additional privacy secured to her a little longer by this arrangement; and the princely progress through London will be as magnificent as loyalty and enthusiasm can make it. When the time comes for her to resume her place in public, there is no fear that the wife of Prince Albert will be found wanting either in unselfishness or in self-control. But the English nation is not slow to comprehend that marriage festivities, with all their gladness, must needs touch a deep chord of inextinguishable grief in the Queen's heart. One figure will be wanting at the marriage board, whose place no stranger can fill; and without whom the first solemn act of the young Prince since he has entered into manhood seems incomplete. It is too much to ask, that the first occasion on which the bereaved sovereign meets her subjects, should be one which must recall to her so vividly the days that are for ever past.

The warfare in Parliament this session will regain some of its pristine vigour, in consequence of the increased sunshine in the Palace. Last year, by common consent, animosities were buried in a common sympathy for the Queen. Towards the close of the session a few passages of arms relieved the Conservative party from any imputation of unnatural magnanimity. The fact is, that even in moments of the profoundest political peace, Mr. Disraeli never goes anywhere without his tomahawk; and the temptation to strike a sudden blow was at last more than he could withstand. But the Tory tribe had buried their weapons early in the ses-

sion, and could not be brought to dig them up again at a moment's notice, even at the well-known signal of their great medicine man. Mr. Walpole turned pale at the sight of his own war-paint, and his disinclination for the fight proved infectious. The season passed over without a general conflict, and the generous professions made by Lord Derby in the spring were, in the main, fulfilled. The new session, however, will, in all probability, not be so uneventful as the last. The years are slipping from Mr. Disraeli, and little has been done of late. The sun is going down upon him, yet his defiant rival still fronts him, seated, with an air of biting sanctity, upon the Treasury benches. It would be doing injustice to the other chiefs of the Conservative host to suppose that they have not also the passions of their kind. Sir Stafford Northcote doubtless longs to chalk his fingers over a Treasury slate of his own; and a fear of permanently obstructing his party may possibly induce Mr. Walpole, who was the saint of last session, to be the sinner of the next. This year, at all events, there can be no doubt that opportunities of assailing Lord Palmerston will not be flung aside. The clans are gathering and mustering. Already in the dreary and flat marshes of the *Quarterly* the bitter hum of a feminine Tory gadfly has made itself heard. It is the signal for concerted action among the country party, and the "milch cow" of the landed interest gallops in distraction hither and thither, obedient to the call.

Mr. Disraeli intimated pretty clearly on Thursday night that the conflict will not flag for want of energy on his part. Though there was no division on the Address, the debate that occurred upon it gave omens of a stormy session. It will not be necessary during the ensuing year to fall back upon the cry of the Church's danger, to rouse the Conservative blood. The list of Ministerial blunders with which the leader of the Opposition regaled the country was one from which acrid Conservative orators may pick and choose for months to come. By an ingenious artifice, even the national expenditure was made to seem a necessary consequence of a meddlesome foreign policy; and thus Mr. Gladstone's finance came in for a portion of the blows that were ostensibly directed against Lord Palmerston's leathern doublet. Schleswig Holstein, Italy, America, and the Ionian Islands, have all been dealt with by the Cabinet during the interval since last autumn; and it was natural that Mr. Disraeli should be dissatisfied with all that has been done. The Brazilian difficulty was a special windfall on which he can scarcely have reckoned when he laid down the keel of his speech; and before a week has passed, in all probability, it will be a difficulty no longer. In like manner Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Milner Gibson's indiscretion on the subject of the North and South

had probably been forgotten by every one except the member for Buckinghamshire, and the American Minister; both of whom have, perhaps, the same sort of bitter memory for the shortcomings of the English Government. But it is obvious that on the subject of the Ionian Islands, it will be in Mr. Disraeli's power to get up a very pretty debate. The Church was at stake in the winter. The empire will be at stake during the spring. The shades of old Tory statesmen will be invoked, and no effort will be spared to bring odium on the Liberal ministry for a politic act of justice to Greece, for which they have already been rewarded by the naïve surprise and astonishment of Europe.

Her Majesty has promised retrenchment, and the Tory leader had nothing for it but to fall back upon a tone of well-bred incredulity, and the suggestion that the aggressive temper of Lord Palmerston was a luxury for which the country must be prepared to pay. So far he will have Mr. Bright with him, and perhaps a considerable section of the advanced Radical members. But when it comes to be explained what Mr. Disraeli's own foreign policy would be, we think he will soon lose his hold upon his Manchester allies. For the present it may be assumed that the Opposition are for cutting down the Budget, and on this basis they may succeed in patching up an unholy alliance with Mr. Cobden. But we should like to know how Mr. Cobden would appreciate the American policy of the Tories, should he ever succeed in hoisting them into office. Mr. Disraeli is not likely to commit himself unnecessarily, but a tolerable number of his followers stand already committed to the cause of secession, and some of them even to the hateful cause of slavery; and all the fancied grievances which have been done by the present Ministry to the North would soon fade from memory, when contrasted with the more active antagonism of a Derby Cabinet. The extraordinary blunders which have led Mr. Disraeli all his life long to place himself on the unpopular and impossible side of every question, continue to affect him on the subject of Italy. Mr. Bright might any day take up the Pope's cause, because the Pope's cause is opposed to every healthy English feeling. But Mr. Disraeli takes up the Pope's cause, because he has a vague idea that it is statesmanlike to do so. His known disbelief in Italian unity, and his sympathy with the Italian policy of France, are sufficient to damn any Conservative Government that he might form. So long as on the two important foreign questions of the year he has nothing like a popular line of conduct to suggest, Lord Russell may well make him a present of Schleswig-Holstein. It is all very well to cavil at others; but we are sorry to say Mr. Disraeli has got nothing to offer us himself; and if England were so unfortunate as to be guided by his hand, she would soon find out whether Mr. Disraeli's or Lord Palmerston's foreign policy was most compatible with retrenchment.

NEW PHASE OF THE COTTON SCARCITY.

THE subject of manufacturing distress appears to be entering on a new phase. Hitherto we have been anxious lest the cotton operatives should starve or lose their health in the crisis through which they are compelled to pass. We are now beginning to be uneasy lest we should have them permanently on our hands. At first, the public was generously eager to secure an adequate scale of relief. At present, the public is growing somewhat nervous under the apprehension that the distributors of relief may have been too liberal, and may become encouragers of pauperism and victims of imposture. In August we were afraid that idleness would be too burdensome to the people. In February we are disposed to fancy that idleness is becoming too sweet.

There is some reason for these fears; though, as is always the case when a reactionary movement of any sort sets in, there is a manifest tendency to exaggerate them and to press them too far. The distributors of relief may have erred, but they have erred on the right side. They may have been a trifle over-liberal, but they have effectually attained the object on which the English nation had set its heart, *i. e.*, they have thus far carried the population intrusted to their charge through a long and severe and unprecedented crisis, without starvation, without hunger, without pestilence, and, so far as we can ascertain, without even any departure from the ordinary standard of health. That they could have done so much without, in some instances, doing too much, was more than could be expected. Among the hundred thousands whom they had to assist, moreover, it was certain that

numbers would be found dishonest and selfish enough to take advantage of the public generosity, to advance claims which had no foundation, and to push well-founded claims to an extreme. The Committees and Boards of Guardians were on their guard against this danger, but it was impossible that they should always succeed in averting it; and many cases of imposture no doubt have occurred, and not a few have been detected. This evil has been increased and facilitated by an arrangement against which we raised a warning voice at the very outset—by the determination, we mean, of the Mansion House Committee to administer aid through other channels than that of the Central Manchester Relief Committee. In consequence of this error, it was made possible for some greedy applicants to receive relief from two or three quarters, each ignorant of the proceedings of the other. Besides this, some well-meaning, but injudicious persons, persisted in sending funds to special parties, to be by them distributed according to their own information and in their own neighbourhood. Some sent clothing, some sent fuel, some sent subscriptions specially to sewing-schools, and some sent money to be expended in redeeming pledged articles. Several families, therefore, naturally enough, were relieved twice over. This evil has, however, been carefully inquired into, and the result has been a decided reduction of the relief lists in several districts. Finally, it is to be feared that many idle and disreputable families have begun to be in love with charity, and actually to prefer a dependent to an industrious life. They are not so well fed as they were, it is true; but, on the other hand, they have enough to eat, they have nothing to do, and they may lie in bed as long as they like. These operatives, therefore, not only make no efforts to obtain employment, but superciliously refuse half-work or work at a moderate reduction from former wages when it is offered them. This is a serious difficulty, and may soon cause fresh embarrassment to the organized distributors of the relief funds; but they are fully alive to the fact, and are on their guard against the mischief we have indicated. There can be no doubt that it will soon be necessary to overhaul the relief lists most severely, both to curtail the standard rate of assistance given, and to withhold assistance resolutely from all who can be proved to have refused work on any terms compatible with a decent subsistence. Neither the rate-payers of Lancashire, nor the benevolent public of the kingdom generally, contribute in order to keep up the rate of wages, but only to save from starvation those who can get no wages at all.

But another, and still more important question, remains: How long is this to continue? Is the cotton trade permanently crippled, or only disabled for a time? Has production, as alleged, outrun the wants of the world, or has consumption only been checked for a while by high prices and disorganized circumstances, to revive again shortly and to be soon as brisk, or brisker, than ever? In a word, will the same number of cotton operatives as before be wanted as soon as the raw material can be got together to employ them, and can that raw material be expected soon? Or has the manufacture seen and passed its culminating point, and will, therefore, a considerable proportion of the manufacturing population be permanently redundant? If the former, we may continue to bear the burden of their maintenance for a short time longer; if the latter, ought we not to take measures for aiding and inducing them to emigrate at once? This last is the key-note which has been struck by one or two of the leading journals last week, and propounds the question which they seem inclined to answer in the affirmative.

We are satisfied that such affirmative answer would be certainly premature, and probably erroneous. We do not believe that any portion of the manufacturing population is really, in any correct sense of the word, *redundant*. We believe it will be again all wanted at home; that cotton will ere long be poured upon our shores; and that the cotton trade will in time resume its old vitality and its old dimensions. If so, though we should do wrong to discourage or impede any who spontaneously desire to emigrate, yet we should commit an equal mistake were we to urge emigration on the supposed superfluous hands, or assist their removal to other shores by funds subscribed for purposes of relief from a temporary calamity.

In the first place, the removal of our people to other lands is a step that cannot be revoked. Once gone, they do not come back again. It is a great mistake to regard people

as redundant who in truth are only misplaced. Now, at best, the present superfluous or rather unemployed population in Lancashire and Cheshire is only a local congestion. We may, perhaps, have too many women in Great Britain, but we assuredly have not too many men. In the last war, it may be remembered that we found great difficulty in recruiting both army and navy. The sailors were all busy in the merchant service, and the peasants and labourers and weavers, who used to furnish so ample a supply to the recruiting sergeant, were all taken up either by factories or railways. It was found almost impossible to obtain good servants of either sex, except on the most extravagant terms. We all remember how very recently the complaint was general that no footmen would stay in their places, and that decent women cooks were not to be had for love or money. These recollections will at once suggest to us how a portion at least of the apparent redundancy in Lancashire and Cheshire may be drafted off. A few of the more active and turbulent men, and many of the more intelligent and enterprising young women will go into service—a change already in process, and for which the sewing schools and cooking schools are most usefully preparing these. But there is another and a still more natural and favourable opening. All trades are not depressed because the cotton trade is suffering. On the contrary, the linen and woollen trades are remarkably flourishing, and are flourishing precisely as a consequence. Yorkshire gains by Lancashire distress. The increase of production in those two manufactures during the last year was remarkable and significant. We do not know how much the home demand for these classes of goods has sprung up, but, as the *Economist* showed last week, the export of linens increased 30 per cent., and that of woollens from 50 to 100 per cent. They have already absorbed numbers who were thrown out of work by the stoppage of the cotton factories. Indeed, it is a fact that but for that stoppage, the flax and worsted mills would have been much embarrassed to carry on their works. When people cannot obtain cotton shirts, or cannot get them cheap enough, they buy linen ones, and when cotton quilts grow scarce and dear they are driven to substitute blankets and woollen rugs. We apprehend, therefore, it will soon be found that much of the supposed redundancy in Lancashire will be absorbed in other occupations, even if the cotton trade should not revive as early as we hope. Should it revive at once, or speedily—that is, should America proclaim peace and once more send us cotton,—such would be the demand for cotton fabrics in the now cleared markets of the world, that our operative population, in place of being excessive, would, we are satisfied, be found inadequate.

Secondly, emigration, though an effectual and final, is a very expensive means of disposing of a population supposed to be superfluous at home. The cost of a passage and outfit to Canada or the United States is seldom short of £5 a head; that to Australia or New Zealand is £20 at least. Now, as the average sum distributed in relief to our unemployed operatives and their families is 2s. a head, each individual might be maintained for a year for the same amount that it would require to send him to America; and for four years for the amount that would be required to send him to Australia.

Thirdly, we do not take so gloomy a view as many journals as to the prospects of the cotton trade—probably, because we have more accurate knowledge of its condition. The present prices of cotton will bring supplies from all quarters, and will greatly stimulate production in India, in Egypt, and in Brazil; and with increased supplies, prices will gradually droop, so as to make production again possible, if not at once remunerative. Every month that passes does something to clear the markets of all countries of their accumulated stocks, and to cause a revival of demand, and an improvement in the price paid for manufactured goods. Therefore, though we do not anticipate a sudden or a very speedy revival of the cotton trade, we confidently expect both that cotton has seen its highest point, and that depression of trade has seen its lowest point. We trust that by the slow and steady operation of natural causes, the number of the unemployed will decrease week by week; and that the relief-lists will be considerably reduced by the continuous exercise of vigilance, and by stern determination in refusing aid to all who decline offered work. Nor are we by any means without hope that another year will see American cotton again flowing into Liverpool as it was wont to do, and a general resumption of manufacturing

industry, all the more energetic for its temporary and enforced interruption. If these anticipations should be realized, there would be great reason to regret the exile of any considerable numbers of our operatives; and even if they should be disappointed or postponed, we scarcely fear that the year 1864 will find us with a population which can in any fair or permanent sense be called redundant.

THE MILITARY SITUATION IN AMERICA.

THE time is not inopportune for taking a general survey of the military situation on the other side of the Atlantic. The points of contact of the rival armies are sufficiently defined, and the designs of the rival commanders, together with the grounds upon which they rest, are tolerably obvious.

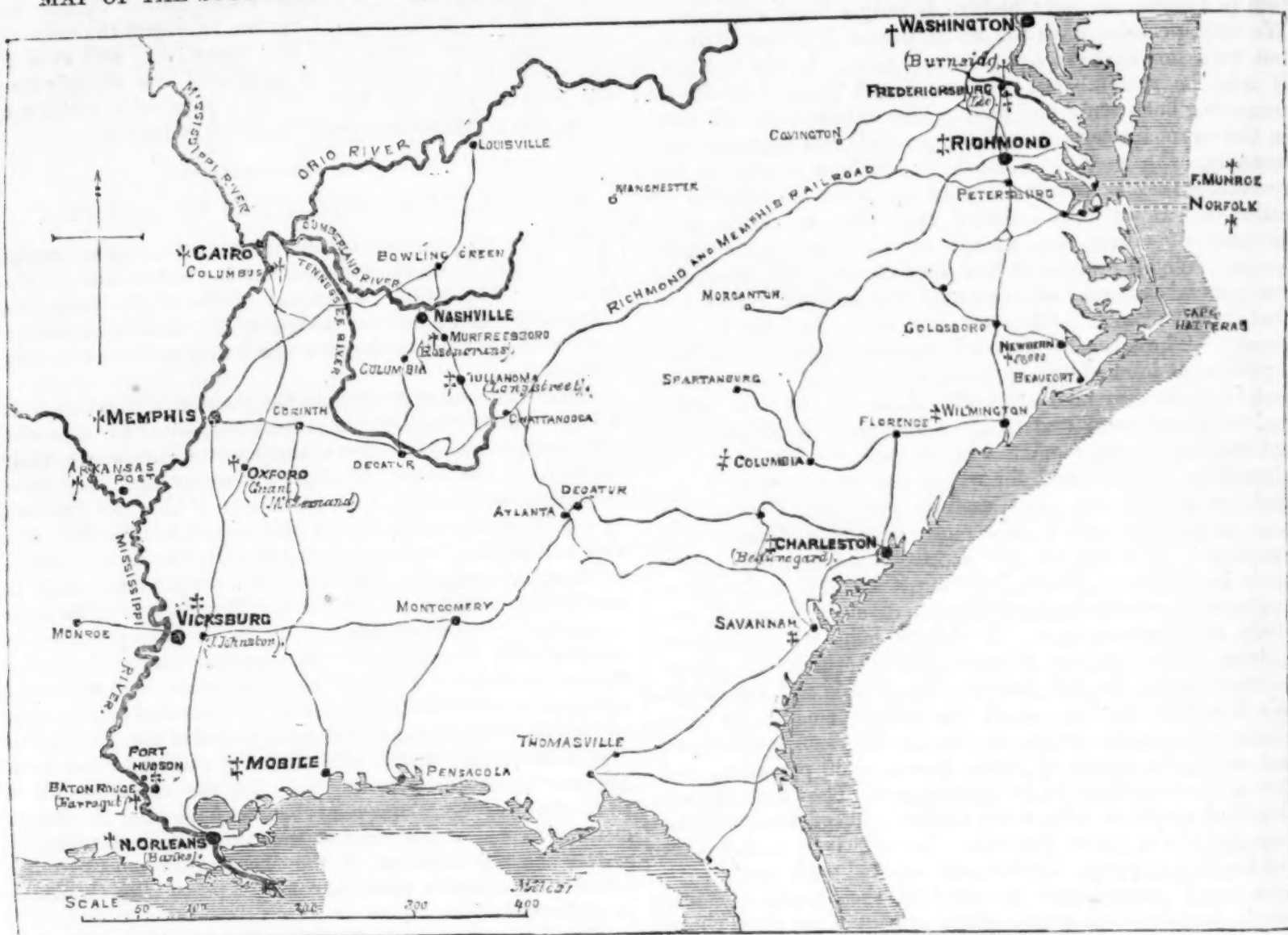
Before proceeding to explain the position of the troops, it is important to observe that at least 200,000 of the men who now compose the Northern armies, are entitled to their discharge in the month of May. It seems that they were only recruited for nine months. Even if they are replaced by others, it is obvious that in this respect the North is at a very serious disadvantage compared with the South; for in the South conscription prevails, and a soldier must serve as long as his services are required. But according to some trustworthy accounts there appears to be great doubt whether the Northern States, especially those in which the newly elected Governors are Democrats, will furnish a sufficient number of men, either by enrolment of new recruits or by re-enlistment for a prolonged period of the old soldiers. But it is obvious that if this difficulty cannot be got over, the war must come to an end. In the meantime, it is to be observed, that however vehement have been the denunciations of the newly elected Democrats against arbitrary arrests and the violation of the Constitution, no voice has yet been successfully raised to conclude peace with the South at all hazards.

The circumstances which distinguish the present contest in America from other contests are, in the first place, the character of the armies; in the second place, the enormous extent of the field of operations, which renders the lines of communications by railway and by river of paramount importance; and, lastly, the fact, that whilst the Southerners have only a few gunboats and no fleet, the Northerners have a very powerful fleet and ample means of using the magnificent water communication in the interior of the country for warlike purposes and for transporting supplies. Without carefully attending to these circumstances, it is impossible to understand the strategy of either side; by allowing them due weight, the plans of both sides become at once intelligible.

By a cursory glance at the map on the following page, and which comprehends the country between Washington in the north-east, the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi in the north-west, New Orleans in the south-west, and Savannah in the south-east, the military situation is at once apparent. The grand object of the North on the eastern seaboard is to obtain possession of Richmond, Wilmington, Charleston, and Savannah. The possession of these points will give them the control of the whole seaboard, and will drive the Confederates into the interior, destroy their commerce, and, in fact, make their existence as an independent nation practically impossible. At present, however, all these places are in the hands of the Confederates, although access to them is practically barred by blockading ships. If any evidence of this were needed, it would be found in the fact that the despatches which were captured the other day off Charleston almost all bear date the end of last October, so that the ship which conveyed them must have been waiting some three months for an opportunity to escape, nor even then was she successful. On land, however, the Confederates are in great force, and their troops are admirably commanded. The Federals, under Burnside, are still at Falmouth, on the Rapahannock, where they retired after their unsuccessful assault of the heights above Fredericksburg. Burnside is watched by Lee, who still occupies these heights. The Federal army is said to amount to 100,000; and as to the Confederates, it is impossible to form any conjecture. A railway connects Lee with Richmond, some sixty miles to the south-west, whence he draws his supplies.

Of all the cities held by the South, Richmond is the most vital. It is to the South what Washington is to the North.

MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES, WITH THE POSITIONS OF THE FEDERAL AND SOUTHERN ARMIES.



It is the capital of the "old dominion," hallowed by a thousand recollections. To lose Richmond would be to lose the head and centre of the Confederacy. But, further, it is a strategical point of the utmost value. Towards it converge the lines of railway from every quarter—from the west, from the north, from the south, and from the east coast. Take Richmond, and the difficulty of connecting the west with the east becomes almost insuperable. A glance at the map makes this apparent; and the determined resolution with which General Lee has defended this city needs no justification. For the present, any attack upon General Lee's army seems to be postponed. The efforts of the Federals are confined to cutting off its communication with the South,—with Wilmington, and Charleston. The defence of Wilmington is entrusted to General Gustavus Smith; that of Charleston to the celebrated Beauregard. In order to cut off Wilmington from Richmond, or rather to compel the Confederates to adopt the circuitous route, the Federal General Foster has an army of between 40,000 and 60,000 at Newbern. With these troops he proposes to march towards Wilmington, where he will be aided by a fleet of gun-boats. If he succeeds in this enterprise, he will no doubt proceed to Charleston and Savannah. At present, however, the Federals have not begun their march. The result of this movement, if successful, will be that Richmond will be cut off from the South, and all the supplies which can be drawn from these quarters.

Let us now turn to the west. It will be observed that there are only two lines of railway which connect Richmond or even Charlestown with the west. The object of the Federals is to break up these lines of communication. The Federal Rosecranz is now some miles south of Murfreesboro with between 40,000 or 50,000 men, and has possession of the Memphis and Richmond Railway; and certainly, according to some accounts, parts of that railway have been broken up by the destruction of several of the bridges. But the railways which connect Vicksburg, Mobile, and Charlestown are still in the hands of the Confederates. It is said that the Confederate Longstreet has taken the place of Bragg, and that a battle between the former and Rosecranz is imminent. If the Confederates succeed in this attack they may drive Rosecranz back to Nashville, the capital of Tennessee, and recover that State. If, on the other hand, they fail, Rosecranz may succeed in advancing

and establishing himself on the Tennessee river. The importance of this is clear, for it seems to be admitted that there is a considerable Union party in Eastern Tennessee; and as the war is now a war for boundary, the farther the Federals can drive the Confederates to the south, the better will be the position of the Federals when they come to negotiate terms of peace. Moreover, such an advance will tend to straiten Richmond toward the west.

The only remaining part of the theatre of operations is the Mississippi. The whole of that river is in the hands of the Federals, except what lies between Port Hudson and Vicksburg. The Federal fleet from the north which has just succeeded in capturing Arkansas Post cannot penetrate below Vicksburg. The Federal fleet from the south cannot ascend above Port Hudson. The Confederate officer who commands at Vicksburg, which is now defended by very formidable entrenchments, is General J. Johnstone. He has already repulsed an attack from the north led by Sherman. It is now said that General Grant has once more set out from Memphis to make a second attack. It seems doubtful whether this is a judicious step. The troops brought with General Banks to New Orleans ought to co-operate. Probably they cannot do so until Port Hudson falls, and as yet the attempts to take that place have failed. But the neglect to follow the sound rule of concentration will not improbably lead to the same unfortunate results which have hitherto marked the Federal arms. Indeed, after surveying the whole field of operation, it is tolerably obvious that the plans of the Federals are essentially vicious. They are attempting too much. They persist in repeating with a fatal consistency the military errors of which they have been guilty from the beginning.

BRITISH TRADE IN CHINA.

THE mercantile body in China have got a grievance. Our diplomatists in that empire, being under the especial charge and patronage of the members of the leading firms, are generally kept pretty well up to their work. When by accident they take a line of their own, they are reported. There are other honourable members in the House of Commons who represent British interests in China besides Mr. White; and when the great firms unite to

press their views upon the Government, the Government is very apt to take the mercantile view of the matter; for indeed diplomacy in China is not like diplomacy elsewhere. It is not that ennobling pursuit which consists in acquiring a secret knowledge of a rival Minister's instructions from his Government before he knows them himself, or in reporting after-dinner conversations with crowned heads, pregnant with the fate of empires. The duties of her Majesty's representative at Peking are of a more sordid and harassing nature. When our diplomatic agent used to live at Canton he was called the "Superintendent of Trade;" now that he is at Peking he is styled "Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary;" but the traditions of the old office cling to him, and the interests of trade are paramount. His ideas should be concentrated upon tea, except when they are absorbed in silk; and representations from the great houses of Jardine & Matheson, or Dent & Co., should have more weight in his eyes than any communications from his colleagues of France or Russia.

After all—it is useless to deny it—the Chinese are right; our whole object is trade, and the Minister is the servant of the mercantile community, put there to forward their interests and to keep the peace. This country has expressed itself pretty freely on the matter at various times. Trade with peace if possible; failing this, then trade with war; but, at all hazards, trade. The Minister has a very clear perception of his course of action under these circumstances. His rule is, keep on good terms, if possible, both with the British merchant and the Chinese Government. If this is impossible, offend the British merchant rather than the Chinese Government, because the British public will prefer snubbing the merchants to fighting the Chinamen. So he has constantly to tread that very delicate line which divides the one class of interests from the other, and the slightest divergence from which will bring him into collision either with those to whom he is accredited, or with those whom he represents. Sometimes a point arises where a decided course is necessary; and then, if his Excellency is a prudent and experienced man, he will throw the responsibility of the decision upon her Majesty's Government. Such a case has just arisen, and the British merchants have sent in a memorial to the Secretary of State, which they wind up with a piece of claptrap, about the necessity of a "firm and decided tone," so very hackneyed, that it smacks of a pigeon-hole in one of her Majesty's consulates. This is what every consul has been in the habit of saying to every mandarin with whom he has "had a difficulty" from time immemorial, and he afterwards reports to his government that he assumed the above tone because he felt that "any surrender of a right is attributed by the Chinese to any cause rather than forbearance," &c. &c. If there is one idea which pervades every blue-book on China more than another, it is this; that concessions lead to wars, that departures from treaties are considered signs of weakness, and that we can trace all our wars to this cause. But, like every dogma which is a mere formula of abstract belief, it may degenerate into a superstition, and the believer, ceasing to exercise his reason, becomes a fanatic. There are exceptions to every rule, and the great test of ability is to know how to give the rule force, by taking occasional advantage of the exception. Any one who is put into a groove can slide down it till he meets an unforeseen obstacle, against which, if he has not readiness to avoid it, he will break his head.

The merchants invoke this stale dogma to support their demands; but without even the excuse of having logically applied it, they start by saying that the Chinese Government is departing from its treaty engagements with reference to the trade on the Yang-tse-kiang. Now the fact is, that the Chinese Government have done a great deal more in opening the Yang-tse than the treaty stipulates. In the treaty of Tientsin, as Mr. Lay has shown in a recent letter to the *Times*, the Chinese Government engage to open the Yang-tse to trade as soon as the banks of the river have been cleared of rebels; and it was not until two years after the treaty, that they made a provisional arrangement, not having the force of a treaty engagement, to permit trade up the Yang-tse, notwithstanding the rebels, and to establish the custom-house at Shanghai. The inconvenience of allowing traders of all nations, unfettered for the most part by nice scruples, to trade for 450 miles along a river, the banks of which are for half that distance in the hands of the rebels, was early recognized by the Chinese Government; and it was only as an experi-

ment that the concession was made in 1861, with the right of modification expressly reserved, and without implying the abandonment of the treaty clause restricting the terms under which trade should be permitted. The Chinese Government do not even now propose to revert to the strict letter of the treaty, by which they could close the Yang-tse-kiang to foreign trade; they wish to confine mercantile operations to the treaty ports, and to establish custom-houses at them as well as at Shanghai.

The reasons which have influenced the Chinese Government in desiring to carry out this modification are not difficult to divine. In the first place, as Shanghai is not on the Yang-tse-kiang properly so called, it would be quite easy for ships to run into the river without going there, and as by the present system they may trade at every village along 450 miles of its shores, smuggling on a gigantic scale might be carried on. Secondly, these ships might be all freighted with arms and ammunition for the rebels, whom they could supply without the risk of discovery. Thirdly, the coasting trade in China pays duties; the great river between Hankow and the sea flows through four fertile provinces, each of which are partially dependent for their revenue on the transit duties; but it is clear that if English steamers are to carry the local traffic between every village on the Yang-tse, without paying any duties at all, the revenue will lose prodigiously. Besides which, the governor of each province, who is bound to contribute a certain quota of revenue to the Imperial chest, considers he has a right to the duties on every foreign cargo landed in his district, and complains that the province of Kiangsu should appropriate the duties of a cargo landed in his province. The Chinese revenue system may be very ridiculous according to our notions, but we are scarcely entitled to expect them to alter it to suit our convenience. We quite agree with the British merchants as to "the benefits of being able to trade at any place in 450 miles of a river running through the richest provinces in China," but we are not aware of any country where such a privilege is accorded to the foreigner under the same conditions. When the trade regulations of the Yang-tse were drawn up, the Chinese had no experience to guide them in the matter; and this is just a point where an unwise pressure might do harm, and where, in our endeavour to grasp too much, we might frighten the Chinaman into that attitude of dogged obstinacy from which he is only to be forced by violence. When, in consequence of the aid rendered by this country, the banks of the Yang-tse are cleared of rebels, we shall be fairly entitled to demand increased commercial facilities. So long as Prince Kung can take a stroll among the ruins of the Summer Palace, he is not likely to attribute any minor concession to weakness.

With reference to the second point, the merchants have a stronger case. The wording of the twelfth clause of the treaty is definite, permitting them to "purchase or rent land or buildings, whether at the ports or 'other places.'" Whether the Chinese Government contemplated the creation of foreign settlements all over the Empire, with a population claiming the privileges of ex-territoriality, it is not for us to consider. Certainly no nation ever granted such a privilege before, and one way by which the difficulty might be met would be to let foreigners thus settling understand that the privileges of ex-territoriality should not extend beyond the consular ports, and that persons establishing themselves elsewhere would come under the jurisdiction of the nearest Chinese mandarin. Meantime, the mercantile community have taken a very decided and unanimous tone on both points, and we shall be curious to learn the decision of our Government upon them.

THE BRAZILIAN DIFFICULTY.

THE rupture of that friendly intercourse which, since 1846, has happily characterized our relations with the only respectable government on the South American continent, calls for something more than a cursory notice of the immediate events that have led to it. The immense amount of English capital at present employed, and about to be invested in the various provinces of that extensive empire, together with the political consequences that are likely to arise out of this complication, are worthy of our serious consideration. For it is by no means impossible that the crisis, through which the Brazilian Government has just passed, may become the point of departure for still more serious complications in the political history of the

Brazilian empire. Such events might strike a serious blow at the national credit, which has hitherto stood so high, and must sooner or later endanger the liabilities which have hitherto been discharged with such creditable exactness.

With regard to the immediate causes which have led to reprisals on the part of her Majesty's Government, they are briefly these:—

1st. About the 8th of June, 1861, the English merchant ship, *Prince of Wales*, was wrecked on the desert and sparsely populated shores of the province of Rio Grande do Sul. Her cargo was plundered by the Gauchos, or rather wreckers, who in that lawless region reign supreme; and strong presumptive evidence was obtained on the spot by our Consul, Mr. Vereker, that the portion of the crew who managed to save their lives were murdered for the remnant of property which they had managed to save; whilst the local provincial officials, instead of affording assistance to our countrymen, not only connived at their spoliation and murder, but partook of the plunder, a portion of which was found in the house of Mr. Bento Soares, the magistrate of the district.

Either from inability or unwillingness, the Provincial Government did not bring the offenders to justice, in spite of remonstrances from the Imperial Government, whose tardy and lethargic endeavours but ill responded to the energetic remonstrances of her Majesty's Minister at Rio.

2nd. On the 7th of June, 1862, three officers of Her Majesty's ship *Forte*, when returning from Tijuka, a village in the neighbourhood of Rio, were seized when passing a guard-house, for no other reason than that they were running past it in order to catch an omnibus. One of the officers was struck by the sentry with the butt of his musket; an altercation and struggle ensued, and they were locked up in the refectory of the guard-house for the night. On the following morning they were ignominiously conducted on foot a distance of seven miles to a criminal prison of the lowest class in the town of Rio, the officer who received them declaring at the time that he knew them to be British officers. Two hours later, at the remonstrance of the English consul, with whom the officers had found a means of communicating, they were removed from the company of the runaway slaves and pickpockets to less degrading quarters, and eventually to the military prison, where they were politely treated. The following day, at noon, they were liberated, but without any reason, either for their arrest or release, being assigned by the authorities.

The Brazilian Government, in both these instances, displayed an apathy and indifference bordering on insult, and a disposition to ignore the existence of her Majesty's Minister at Rio, by neglecting, in some instances, even to reply to his despatches. Her Majesty's Government ordered the following satisfaction to be demanded, viz.:—In the first instance, a compensation of £6,525. 19s. In the second,—1st. That the officers of the Guard be dismissed the service. 2nd. That the sentinel who provoked the conflict should be punished. 3rd. That an apology should be made by the Imperial Government for the insult offered to the officers. 4th. That the chief of the police and the officer who detained the three officers be publicly blamed.

At the same time her Majesty's Minister informed the Brazilian Government that, as regards the case of the *Prince of Wales*, if the Imperial Government would only acknowledge the principle of the claim, the amount of indemnity should be settled by arbitration; and that in the case of the officers of the *Forte*, the matter might be wholly left to arbitration.

These demands being totally and peremptorily rejected, Admiral Warren was ordered to make reprisals; and accordingly her Majesty's ships, *Stromboli* and *Curlew*, went out of Rio Harbour on the 31st, and seized five coasters, of an aggregate value of £10,000, taking them to Palmas Bay.

On the arrival of this intelligence at Rio, the popular indignation assumed alarming proportions; the city was in complete possession of the populace; and an attempt was made to tear down the consular arms and sack the British Consulate.

The Parliamentary opposition, which is principally composed of the Republican and Separatist members of the northern provinces, were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunity of embarrassing the Conservative party at present holding the reins of power. Mass meetings were nightly convened, inflammatory speeches were delivered, and money

freely distributed. This movement of the Revolutionary party was instigated and guided by Ortoni, the quondam chief of the revolution in the province of Minas, in 1842, when he was routed and taken prisoner by the Royalist army at the battle of Santa Lucia, and subsequently pardoned. On the 5th of January, the Imperial Government, becoming alarmed, not only for their own safety, but for that of the Monarchy itself, agreed to pay the stipulated sum under protest, and refer the case of the officers of the *Forte* to arbitration. Her Majesty's Minister, as previously remarked, had already offered to allow both cases to be settled under arbitration. The captured vessels were at once released; and it now remains to be seen whether her Majesty's Government will accept the arbitration, or purely and simply enforce its demands.

Her Majesty's Minister at Rio and her Majesty's Government having throughout these vexed questions shown a forbearance which would have amounted to weakness with any power less feeble than that of Brazil, will not, it is to be hoped, recede in any degree from those demands, fraught with whatever consequences they may be to the Brazilian empire. For even if, as is quite possible, its disintegration ensue, it will be merely anticipating events which have long since cast their shadows before. Since the year 1834 the provinces of Para Mharanham, Pernambuco, Macaio, Bahia, St. Paul's, Minas, and Rio Grande do Sul, have all risen in arms against the Central Government at Rio. Rio Grande do Sul, especially, maintained its independence for ten years, and at the present moment is only restrained by the presence of a large body of troops and several men-of-war. Whereas, in every town of the north, from Bahia to Para, separation is the common topic of conversation, and is openly discussed and considered a mere question of opportunity. On its necessity and proximity, all are alike agreed. They have even cast about for a candidate to the new crown, and the Prince de Joinville is openly proclaimed to be the most promising candidate.

It is extremely easy to point out the immediate cause of this stormy antagonism on the part of the provincial populations to the centralizing system at Rio. Only twelve per cent. of the taxes collected in the provinces are permitted to be retained in them for provincial purposes, the remainder is sent on to Rio for the imperial treasury; the only return being theegis of the Imperial Government to preserve them from foreign aggression. This protection, as they well know, is really of no value; and the provincials very naturally say, "We can dispense with this army and navy, which are useless for all purposes of external defence, and which can at any moment be turned against ourselves; and, above all, we wish to spend the money we raise in our provinces in increasing our communications and facilitating our commerce, instead of supporting a semblance of Imperial power, and an army of corrupt officials, who merely treat the outlying provinces of the empire as the sources from which money may be extracted."

Such is a brief outline of the position of Brazil, and the demands made on it by the English Government. But having once opened up the question of British claims on that government, it will surely be as well to include all those long outstanding claims which the mixed Commission of 1859, so abruptly brought to a close by the Imperial Government in the following year, in vain endeavoured to adjust. The recent misunderstandings have been such as to admit easily of amicable and honourable arrangement, and the arbitration to which the unsettled portion of the quarrel is to be submitted offers a guarantee of impartiality, uprightness, and moderation with which both parties in the quarrel may well be content.

NEW BANKING COMPANIES.

THERE is no readier way of getting a true idea of the lengths to which the rage for new banking companies has lately carried the speculative public, than to compare any ordinary share-list of the present date with a similar list of about a year ago. Let any one cast his eye down the column of the *Times* in which the shares of joint-stock banks are quoted, and he will observe the striking fact, that out of a list of three dozen or so of such companies which appear there daily, very nearly one-half have sprung into existence within little more than a year. This great increase in the number of banking companies does not by any means represent the total result of the speculative energies of the past year. In all periods when interest is

low and speculation is rife, there is great variety in the projects that compete for a portion of the capital lying ready for investment. The whole field of commercial enterprise is surveyed, with the view of finding some corner which has not been already occupied. People are not all attracted by the same bubble, and at such periods of excitement there is hardly any scheme so rash or so wild as not to obtain some support. The present year has not been an exception to this rule. But in the midst of this variety it so happened, for one reason or another, that there was a great concentration of effort in one particular branch of enterprise. It seems to have been suddenly discovered that there was a sad deficiency of banking accommodation in many parts of the British empire, and that, not merely in its outlying provinces, but at its very centre. The result has been the formation of nearly a score of new banking companies in a single year.

These banks are in various states of progress. There are two great stages in the early history of every banking company. In the first it appeals to the public to take up its shares and subscribe the capital. In the second it appeals to the public to become its customers, either by trusting it with deposits, or by asking for loans or for the discounting of bills. Several of the new banks have now got a local habitation, and have provided themselves with a chairman—noble, or otherwise—and with a manager, and may be considered as fairly embarked on the second stage of their existence. Some are still struggling with the difficulties of the earlier state. It is very much to be regretted, for the sake of the commercial morality of this country, that the promoters of such companies should, at this stage, sometimes have recourse to somewhat unscrupulous measures for gaining a favourable reception. One very impudent artifice of this sort has lately been deservedly exposed. At the foot of the advertisement of the prospectus of a certain bank, which appeared a few days ago in the daily papers, there was appended a list of well-known mercantile firms who were represented as approving of the scheme. The slender show of names on the direction would, it was supposed, be compensated by the number and weight of the names which appeared below. It turned out that some of those persons whose names were thus unwarrantably used had never heard of the bank before, and that none of them had committed themselves to recommending it. What they had done was, perhaps incautiously, to sign a paper approving of certain general principles of banking, but not of any particular bank supposed to be founded on those principles. The confidence of the public depends more on the character of the directors of a company than on the abstract principles on which it is founded; and such an improper use of names cannot be too strongly condemned. The first company that was formed a few years ago on the principle of limited liability might, with just as good reason, have made a similar use of the names of Mr. Lowe and other persons who supported that principle in Parliament, and represented them as approving of that particular scheme.

Our concern at present, however, is chiefly with those companies that have already commenced operations. A few years will show whether the increase of trade justifies this great increase of banks in the metropolis. In the mean time it is apparent that the older companies have no great fear of the increased competition. The London and Westminster has given the new banks a favourable reception. The chairman at the last meeting went out of his way to give them some good advice. This is very different from the reception accorded to the London and Westminster itself when it came into existence thirty years ago. The private aristocratic banking firms declined to admit it to the clearing-house, and the Bank of England refused to give it the ordinary accommodation of keeping a balance there. The difference of treatment is probably due to the fact that the case of the new banks is not considered very hopeful.

The London and Westminster can afford to bestow a few patronizing words on rivals whose competition they disregard. None of the half-yearly reports of the new banks are yet before us, but we are not altogether without information as to their progress. The London and Middlesex has taken advantage of a special meeting for the appointment of an auditor, to lay its accounts before the public, though it has only been four months in operation. Its report was thus accidentally brought into close juxtaposition with that of the London and Westminster, which was read at their

meeting a few days previously; and certainly there could not well be a greater contrast than that presented by the reports of these two banks whose names are so similar,—the one the oldest and the strongest, the other the youngest, and therefore one of the feeblest members of the metropolitan banks. The London and Westminster has deposits amounting to £14,000,000. The London and Middlesex, though it has taken a transfer of the business of the Unity Bank, still counts its deposits only by thousands. The older bank shows a profit on the year of very nearly a quarter of a million; and, after adding a considerable sum to its reserve fund, pays a dividend of 22 per cent. on its paid-up capital. The profits of the younger bank are hardly yet visible to the naked eye, and its directors will probably not feel themselves justified in declaring any dividend at present.

The very large dividends that have for some years been paid by the three leading joint-stock banks of the metropolis have, no doubt, been the main inducement for the present great increase in the number of such companies. These were early in the field, and occupied the ground as soon as the law was repealed which prohibited joint-stock banks within sixty-five miles of the metropolis. These are the fortunate instances which are always selected when promoters of new banking companies are persuading the public to subscribe. None of the later companies have attained more than a very moderate success, while many have failed altogether, carrying ruin and desolation to thousands of families in their fall. These latter instances are carefully kept in the background. There is no difficulty in explaining the great success of the early joint-stock banks. Many persons, observing that the interest which these banks pay on their deposits is only 1 per cent. lower than the Bank rate, are at a loss to account for their enormous profits. The business of a banker is to borrow money at a low rate, and to lend it at a higher one, the difference being his profit. But with so small a margin as 1 per cent., how can a bank pay a dividend of 22 per cent.? The whole explanation lies in the enormous proportion which the deposits bear to the paid-up capital. The paid-up capital of the London and Westminster is £1,000,000, while the deposits amount to £14,000,000. If, therefore, 1 per cent. be gained on the whole of the latter sum, the profits would amount to 14 per cent. of the paid-up capital. The actual dividend, after the payment of all the expenses of management, being 22 per cent., it is evident that the London and Westminster must have employed their deposits at a rate which, on the average, is considerably more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. above the rate of interest which they paid to their depositors. It is, of course, necessary to keep a certain sum unemployed for the purpose of meeting their liabilities from day to day. This sum is not, however, much more than the amount of the paid-up capital and the reserve fund, so that the whole of the deposits may be considered at the disposal of the managers for loans and discounting of bills. It is evident that a bank in which the deposits were, say, eight times the paid-up capital, even if it could employ them as safely and profitably as the London and Westminster, could not pay a dividend of more than 12 per cent. But the chief difficulty of the new banks will lie in the safe employment of their deposits, supposing they are fortunate enough to get them. Customers do not readily change their bankers. The existing banks have quite money enough to discount all the first-class paper that comes to them. They have not nearly reached the limit of their powers in this respect. Persons in high credit will, no doubt, continue to go to their accustomed banks, and those only who are refused accommodation there will betake themselves to the new establishments. The latter, it is to be feared, will have little power of selection, and, being under the absolute necessity of employing their deposits, must accept any customers that come to them.

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

THE death of the Marquis of Lansdowne has removed from the political stage one who played a part on it not the less characteristic of his age and country because it had ceased to be an active one. It would be difficult to mention any one whose career afforded a better specimen of the good points of the class to which he belonged, or threw more light on the causes which have given that class so ample a share, and so long a term of political power. Descended, and that not very remotely, from a man who made a fortune by his unwearying versatility in speculation, Lord

Lansdowne found himself at an early age the most conspicuous member of a noble family. After receiving an education elaborately liberal in every sense of the word, he devoted himself to politics as a profession, and passed the whole of a long life in promoting in every possible way the class of measures, of which in most other countries he would have been considered the inherent enemy. There is something very striking in the spectacle of a nobleman of the highest rank and of the most ample fortune, ushered into life under the auspices of Jeremy Bentham, sitting at the feet of Dugald Stewart, in the company of a clique of reforming Scotch advocates, and coming up to London to be a minister of state, and to pass a long life in the advocacy of reforms, within a very few years of the time when the whole French aristocracy had been exterminated, principally because they had not the wisdom and virtue to take the part in their country which Lord Lansdowne and many other members of his class took in our own.

The leading facts of Lord Lansdowne's life have been so fully commented on by the daily papers, that it is needless to dwell upon them here; but they suggest one or two observations of a more general kind, on which it may be worth while to dwell for a few moments. Lord Lansdowne's career affords as good an argument in favour of the existence of an aristocracy as experience can supply, and it is to be hoped that his example may persuade those who have it in their power—the number cannot from the nature of the case be great—to go and do likewise. The amount of good which he did to his country was perhaps as great as could be done by any man who was not endowed by nature with many rare gifts of genius. Throughout two generations he consistently and very efficiently supported all public improvements. He was one of the small body of politicians through whom the genius of Jeremy Bentham produced a practical effect on the national institutions. He helped to improve and humanize the cruel spirit of the old criminal law, though he left it to others to invest its rough outline with some approach to symmetry. He was one of the champions of Catholic Emancipation, a measure which was the first great step towards healing the chronic diseases of Ireland. He was also one of the leaders in the most Conservative political measure of modern times, the Reform Bill of 1832; and during the last third of his life he was at the head of the most Conservative branch of our social legislation,—the promotion of popular education by the Committee of Council. It is hardly possible that any man should hope to take a more effective part in a larger number of measures of great and enduring importance. This, however, was not all that Lord Lansdowne did. He was, as a very rich and conspicuous person ought to be, a sort of public institution—a corporation sole, like the clergyman of a parish. He was through life the warm friend of men capable of improving and instructing their fellow-creatures. Both in London and at Bowood he was the centre of a set of social relations, which exercised great influence over those to whom they extended, and through them to a much wider circle.

It may be said that this is all very true, but that Lord Lansdowne had immense advantages, that his understanding was not more capacious, his judgment sounder, or his moral and social feelings better developed, than those of hundreds of obscure persons in a lower rank of life. It may, perhaps, be asserted that there are in many country towns attorneys, surgeons, shopkeepers, and possibly, here and there, a clergyman, who would have made quite as good Lord Lansdownes as Henry Petty if they had been brought up to the business. This, in all probability, is perfectly true, and the fact that it is true is the very circumstance which justifies the existence of an aristocracy. It may be conceded, for no doubt it is the fact, that intrinsically Lord Lansdowne was not a very remarkable man. No doubt there are within this land ten thousand good as he, if the test of goodness is to be found not in what a man actually is, but in what, under favourable circumstances, he might have been; but then the circumstances are not favourable, the culture has not been supplied, and the experienced statesman, who in his youth was the pupil of Bentham and Dugald Stewart, and the associate of Brougham, Horner, and Jeffrey, and who, in later life, held in their turn all the most important offices of the State, came to be a very different man indeed from many an equally vigorous fellow-student at Edinburgh, who passed his life in providing for a wife and eight children by feeling pulses, and sending out medicines, in some provincial town in Scotland. As far as mere understanding went there might be little difference between the two men. Hundreds of thousands of sensible men in the middle and lower ranks of life read with perfect intelligence and the greatest interest the very same books as Lord Lansdowne,

formed their political opinions upon the same grounds, and drew much the same conclusions from nearly the same premises. Yet they could have no more taken his place than he could have taken theirs. They would have been as useless in the House of Lords or at the head of the Privy Council as he would have been in the attorney's office or the surgeon's consulting-room. Few pieces of experience are more curious or more instructive than that which teaches the fact that there is such a thing as specific political tact and knowledge, similar in kind to the tact which is acquired in any other profession. A person, who passes his life in the society of public men and in the midst of public affairs, acquires a kind of knowledge and a way of thinking which is to him what his knowledge of the temper of the law courts and the bar is to a barrister, or his acquaintance with the general state of professional opinion and practice to the physician. To be a grandee, to know how to spend a large income, and to fill a conspicuous position with dignity and courtesy, is a profession like any other; and unless a man is either brought up to it or has a strong natural gift in that direction, he will never be able to excel in it. The position of such a man is on a large scale, and in a different spirit, the same sort of thing as the position of the clergyman of an important parish. A large proportion of the parishioners will be apt to think themselves, and perhaps not unreasonably, both wiser and abler men than the vicar; but if they were put in his place they would find themselves jarring in twenty ways with all the local institutions. The curates would fall out, the schoolmaster would take offence, the district visitors would squabble, the labourers would not touch their hats, and some dissenting Boanerges would establish himself in a barn and make Sunday afternoon hideous with vehement hymns, and prayers interrupted by ejaculations closely analogous to the loud and prolonged cheering of a public meeting.

The truth is, that society wants a certain number of queen-bees to do the honours of the nation, and to carry on particular branches of the public business. Supply a man of reasonable capacity and decently good principle with the proper quality of bee-bread, and he can generally be fattened into the required insect. It is on the whole creditable to human nature in general, and especially to the English section of it, that a very considerable proportion of the persons chosen out for this kind of training take to it kindly, and go through the duties required of them with much interest, and with a considerable degree of ability. The career of Lord Lansdowne was that of a man who made a decidedly good use of immense advantages, and who, being very highly paid for the discharge of very important and most agreeable, though not very arduous duties, discharged them well, and gave money's worth for his money.

Perhaps the most important observation, which such careers suggest, relates rather to the nation which renders them possible than to the individuals who pursue them. The object in view may be, and no doubt is, worth attaining, and the price paid for it may not be extravagant, but it requires great absence of envy on the part of the public to permit the existence of such a state of things. Viewing the matter philosophically, it is certainly impossible to assign any reason why I should be angry because another man is chosen to be made into a queen-bee, instead of myself, when I should have made as good a one. His good fortune certainly does not hurt me, for it forms part of that general state of things into which I have been thrown, as far as I can judge, at random, and certainly without the exercise of any discretion of my own. Such would appear, from the English tolerance of aristocratic institutions, and even from their fondness for them, to be the prevailing sentiment in English minds; but it is almost peculiar to England. In many other parts of the world, especially in France, the sentiment of a system of natural rights, according to which every man is defrauded, if he has not a rateable share of all the advantages which the world has to give, is universal and active in the highest degree. The maxim is, "Start fair, whatever you do. Life being a general scramble, let no man have any advantage over any other which he does not carry about in his own skin." Inasmuch as no human power can deprive people of those advantages, which lie between their hats and their boots, and, indeed, of some others, this notion, notwithstanding its claims to logic, is not in reality philosophical. One result of it is that men cannot be educated as statesmen; they have to begin by pushing their way through a crowd in order to attract attention; and when they have attracted it they have to learn their business, and are dependent on the will of some superior, on whom their advancement depends. They are thus cut off from popular sympathies far more than they would have been had they from their youth upwards looked on public life as their natural and proper sphere.

In France, Lord Lansdowne's fortune would have been employed in paying the salaries of a variety of préfets, sous-préfets, and other official heads of French provincial society. Part of it, perhaps, might have been allotted to the support of museums and libraries; but would the préfets and sous-préfets, the museums and the libraries have been on the whole more beneficial to the country than the unpaid hospitalities, libraries, and picture-galleries of Bowood and Lansdowne House? Would it have been a good exchange for the county of Wilts to have lost Lord Lansdowne, and to have had some one who had distinguished himself as a pamphleteer, or political jobber, appointed by the Home Secretary to be the local grandee of Wiltshire, with a salary of £3,000 or £4,000 a year? The answer to these questions throws much light on the characteristics of English society, and gives much of its importance and significance to the life and death of the Marquis of Lansdowne.

COLENZO ON KINGLAKE.

It is impossible not to regret that the extraordinary animosity which Mr. Kinglake has displayed against the French Emperor and his adherents in the entertaining work which is just now in everybody's hands, necessarily deprives the book of much of its value as an historical authority. Perhaps the most salient instance of Mr. Kinglake's unfairness in this respect is to be discovered in his estimate of the English, French, and Russian losses at the battle of the Alma; it being his avowed object to prove that on that occasion the French shirked their work, and that they were in no instance really engaged in close combat with the Russians. The fight at the Telegraph Tower, so vividly described by Bazancourt, he declares to be an entire myth, and only alludes to it in a sarcastic note, declaring such a fable unworthy of admission into the text of his history.

Mr. Kinglake tells us, on the authority of Lord Raglan, that at the battle of the Alma the French lost but 60 killed, and 500 wounded. He puts the English loss at 362 killed, and 1,640 wounded; and that of the Russians at rather less than 6,000 killed and wounded. It will be seen, therefore, that for every Frenchman slain on that day, there were rather more than eight Frenchmen wounded, whilst for every Englishman slain, there were rather less than five Englishmen wounded. This would show a mean of about five wounded to one killed throughout the allied army. Mr. Kinglake has also stated "that the whole Russian force which sooner or later confronted the French was a force of 13,000 men and 36 guns, and that the force which confronted the English was a force of 26,000 men and 86 guns."

In a work published in 1855, by Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Hamley, R.A., entitled "The Story of the Campaign of Sebastopol," we find some valuable evidence as to the share which our French allies really did take in the opening action of the war. Colonel Hamley, in his preface, explains that his official position as adjutant to the 3rd division of the Field Batteries under Lieutenant-Colonel Dacres afforded him peculiarly favourable opportunities for observation and knowledge. Applying to Colonel Hamley Mr. Kinglake's own words, when dilating on the peculiar claims to credibility which ought to be awarded to Captain Jesse respecting the events of December 4th, 1851, we venture to urge that, "because of the position in which Colonel Hamley stood at the battle of the Alma, the professional knowledge which guided his observations, the composure with which he was able to see and describe, and the more than common responsibility which attaches upon a military narrator, it is probable that his testimony will be always appealed to by historians who shall seek to give a truthful account" of the conduct of the French at the battle of the Alma. Colonel Hamley writes that, on the day of the battle, "the progress of the French against the heights in their own front was marked by the puffs of musketry as they swarmed up. Their advance was steady and incessant. On the plain at the top a small building, probably intended as a signal station, had been left unfinished, and there was scaffolding still round it, and this was the point most hotly contested by the French" (p. 26).

On the following day, Colonel Hamley repaired to the spot where he supposed—erroneously, according to Mr. Kinglake—the French and Russians had been engaged in fight. This is what he saw:—

"It was not till reaching the plain on which stood the unfinished signal-tower, already mentioned as the contested point in the French attack, that there appeared signs of a sanguinary conflict. Many Russians lay dead there, and they lay thicker near the signal-tower, the hillock on which it was built being strewn with them. Three or four had been bayoneted whilst defending the entrance; and in the narrow space within, which was divided into compartments, were three or four small groups slain in the defence. Another spot contained three or four hundred corpses" (p. 26).

Now, if we may venture to treat the brilliant historian of the Crimean war with the arithmetical severity with which Bishop Colenso has treated Moses—a process of which Mr. Kinglake himself has made a rather unscrupulous use, in estimating the victims of the homicidal French colonels on the Parisian Boulevards—we fear that a similar result will be arrived at, as to the decidedly "un-historical" character of his work; and we proceed to do this without remorse, because a note at p. 439, vol. ii., of the "History of the Crimean War," proves that Mr. Kinglake admits Colonel Hamley to be a witness worthy of all credit, and that he had actually read the very passages of the gallant colonel's work which we have here quoted!

Assuming—as we conceive we may fairly do—that Colonel Hamley's description of the signal-tower and its precincts implies that 500 Russians lay dead on the battle-field where Mr. Kinglake maintains, on the negative evidence of the Pole, Chodasiewicz, no battle was fought; and adding to the 500 dead five times their number of wounded, it follows that out of the 13,000 Russians opposed to the French, our allies accounted for 3,000. And as Mr. Kinglake has estimated the total loss of the Russians in killed and wounded to have been rather less than 6,000, it also follows that, if the French disposed of half of that number, only half of it remained to be disposed of by the English. If, therefore, Mr. Kinglake's figures are correct, our allies must have performed rather more than their full share of the bloody work which the allied armies had to do on that occasion; and if Colonel Hamley's senses did not deceive him, there must have been a severe struggle at the Telegraph Tower, where Mr. Kinglake invites us to believe there was no fight at all.

It may of course be said that the terrible slaughter which Colonel Hamley has described was chiefly caused by the French artillery; indeed it is probable that such was really the case, and if it was, the fact is most creditable to the officer who directed that part of the battle. The fencing-master in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* tells M. Jourdain that the whole secret of the art of fencing consists in but two points; viz., "à donner et à ne point recevoir," and we hold that the same may be said of the art of war in general. A competent officer, who, by a dexterous and opportune use of his artillery, can dispose of 3,000 of the enemy with the loss of but 500 of his own men, we hold to be a more satisfactory servant of his country than a valiant bungler who needlessly squanders away the lives of four times that number in arriving at no greater result. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Kinglake over-estimates the value of that admirable character, the high-bred English gentleman, as an engine of war, to such a degree that he positively caricatures the very virtues which everybody has always been willing to concede to the English general who commanded at the Alma. He describes Lord Raglan as deriding, despising, and keeping at arm's length the French generals with whom it was his duty to co-operate cordially; whether in so doing he was influenced by the gossip and slanders of the Faubourg St. Germain, Mr. Kinglake tells us, will never be known. At Constantinople, assisted by "the great Elchi," he is represented as sneering at "French feelings of honour," and resisting every suggestion put forward by St. Arnaud, and as finally subjugating and nullifying that officer by the mere force of his character, and by words "which implied more than they said." On the eve of the battle of the Alma, we are told that when St. Arnaud waited on Lord Raglan to arrange the operations of the following day, the latter, "restraining, or rather postponing his smiles" at the Frenchman's earnestness, studiously concealed from his ally his own plan of operations—if, indeed, he had any, which is more than doubtful,—and intentionally allowed the Marshal to retire "elate" in the erroneous belief that the plan of attack prepared in the French camp had been accepted by the English. And this we are called upon to admire, as a specimen of the dishonest dexterity with which the alliance was preserved! Yet Mr. Kinglake, with strange contradiction, describes Lord Raglan as so truthful as to decline to have recourse to the usual *ruses de guerre*; so tender-hearted as to be utterly unable to resist an improper appointment, supersede an incompetent officer, or even, in the midst of a bloody battle, to risk hurting the feelings of a general of division, by ordering a blunder to be remedied, which, not being remedied, caused much subsequent confusion and loss of life. He tells us how needlessly the gentle old man was distressed, in the midst of the carnage, at seeing a French aide-de-camp deliver a message to him bare-headed, as is the usage in the French army; he dilates on his somewhat theatrical anxiety that the Russians, when looking through their field glasses at the head-quarters staff of the English, should be struck with the calm *insouciance* and leisure of the group. If we have read Mr. Kinglake's account of the battle of the Alma

aright, it would seem that Lord Raglan really had formed no plan of the manner in which he proposed to attack the Russian position; that all he had decided upon was not to co-operate cordially with the French; that he had not consulted any general but Sir George Brown, and that the orders he had given to Brown, Brown did not understand. Sir De Lacy Evans found himself at nearly mid-day on the field of battle without any orders at all, and without any idea of what was going to be done; and the Duke of Cambridge was in no better position. At last tardy orders did come from Lord Raglan to "go on;" and, having given those orders, his lordship is represented by Mr. Kinglake as having ridden clean away from his army nearly into the Russian reserves—stimulated by his passion for a good gallop, and trusting to chance to direct the battle. Mr. Kinglake here admits that it was scarcely pardonable in Lord Raglan to have acted thus; that by doing so "he ran the risk of losing the government of his troops for many minutes together in the most critical period of the action," explaining that "the impulses of the chase" and "the recollection of great days in the Gloucestershire country" were too strong for him and his horse "Shadrach;" and that the wilful nature of the true "*gentilhomme Anglais*" is of a kind which spurns the control of duty and is apt, under such exciting circumstances, to leave the lives of an army and the honour of England to take care of themselves. And chance did so far serve Lord Raglan, that he happened accidentally to fall in with a couple of guns; and these guns, Mr. Kinglake tells us, combined with the terror inspired by the unexpected appearance of the white plumes of his lordship's staff in the midst of the Russian position, decided the battle of the Alma. Such is Mr. Kinglake's strange story. We neither accept it nor reject it. We prefer waiting to see what professional military writers will say to it. Indeed, Mr. Kinglake is such an adept at sarcasm, and so fond of using and misusing that dangerous weapon, that we are half inclined to suspect that a book which professes to be a defence of Lord Raglan, may in reality be intended as a bitter censure upon him. In assailing the French, Mr. Kinglake has been as merciless to the dead as to the living; we have no reason, therefore, for supposing that any motives of generosity or delicacy would have induced him to spare the memory of Lord Raglan if he had thought that it was his mission to assail it; and he has unquestionably depicted his lordship in words that burn, as an eager sportsman, an insincere brother in arms, and an utterly incompetent general.

We have entered into these details because we are certain that no nation ever enhanced its own military reputation by unfairly decrying the reputation either of its allies or its antagonists; and because we feel that if Mr. Kinglake has any reply to make to what we have here written, and to what everybody is saying, the sooner for his own credit, for the credit of Lord Raglan's memory, and for the credit of the English nation, he makes it, the better. The important sources from which he professes to derive his information invest his work with a semi-official character, whilst the unexampled virulence and transparent weakness of his attacks upon the French, go far to neutralize the value which would otherwise have been attached to his statements on other points.

A HORSE-STEALER IN SEARCH OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

SIR LYTTON BULWER has convinced mankind long ago that under the felon's homely waistcoat beats very often a heart with glowing impulses and cultivated and refined tastes; and the great novelist's profound knowledge of philosophy and human nature has too often been vindicated to require further proof. The lonely Eugene Aram is no solitary specimen. He has many followers, from George de Barnwell, the lover of the Beautiful in his cell, down to Mr. Roupell, the living paradox, whose hair was cut the other day in Pentonville prison. His last admirer is an individual who has recently been sent to gaol at Glasgow for stealing a horse, and who had been led to this deed of guilelessness by a passion for Scotch scenery, brought on by reading Burns's poems. The Glasgow magistrates probably had a difficulty in committing so refined and superior a culprit, and experienced a glow of pride as Scotchmen when they learned that the beloved name of Burns had done it all. The compliment to Scotland is increased by the fact that the generous horse-stealer was no Scotchman, who might have been supposed bound to admire Scotch poetry on principle. On the contrary, he was an Englishman, and this is an additional proof that the genius of Scotland's bard is recognized even in those distant English districts, where the beautiful Scotch tongue is only imperfectly known. On the whole, the Glasgow magistrates must have felt that, while they could not altogether approve of the

violation of conventionality that had occurred, there was a great deal about the horse-stealer that appealed to every Scottish bosom. The way in which the Burns fever set in upon him was very different from the manner in which the Byron fever (which is a lower and more depraved species of infection), used to set in in England. When a person admired Byron, he immediately turned down his collars and took to hating everybody. This was what made the Byron fever so much of a social plague. The Byronic hater of mankind, in the next place, was always desirous of looking like a fallen angel. He raved against the decrees of Heaven, and his language about the female sex was horrible to listen to. Nothing of the kind is to be seen in the individual whose soul is full of Burns. He loves his fellow men, and has a kindly feeling towards Providence. He loves the heather and the babbling stream, and breathes silent prayers to nature wherever he goes. Both, it is true in one respect, are at variance with their age. The Byronic tramples on the laws of marriage, and with regard even to the other commandments, has a decided liking for startling effects. The Burnsian's inner nature is at peace, and if he offends against social order it is with a childlike and winning simplicity. The Glasgow prisoner who read Burns, was accused of stealing his master's horse. If he had been a Byronic he would have run away with his master's wife. The Byronic would by this time have been far away—leading the insurrectionists in Poland, or perhaps gazing from the top of some lonely rock upon the stormy Atlantic, which, however—his friends would have told us—would not have been stormier than his soul. How much truer and more chastened is the conduct of the Burnsian! He only cared to see Scotch scenery, and he went quietly and saw it. It is true that he had to take his master's horse; but, if he transgressed, he did so because this world's regulations were apt to fall lightly on the ear of one who communed with Burns, and who pined for the "banks and braes." After he had seen Burns's cottage, and the other parts of Scotland that he wished to visit, it occurred to him that perhaps he had done wrong. Possibly he had been hasty in overlooking the real, while in quest of the ideal. Accordingly, he gave himself up to the Glasgow police, and tendered to the officer who took him a document, which states the nature of the offence he had committed.

"The horse I sold to a farmer at Stowe, in Gloucestershire, for the sum of £7. 10s., and the said money I have expended to see many places of interest in Scotland which I so longed to see ere I departed this life, and which have gratified my feelings to a very great extent; and at the pleasure of a gracious Providence I await my just reward for the crime of which I stand convicted, and my fortitude and submission to His decree assists me to bear it. Ere this reaches the press I shall be in the hands of the police authorities."

If any young person has had thoughts in his moments of self-harrowing despair of turning his collars down and being a Byronic, the above passage should induce him to pause. It is better to be a Burnsian in a cell, submitting cheerfully to the decrees of a gracious Providence, than a Byronic amidst the tempest on some mountain-top, scowling at the universe. The pious horse-stealer, who has seen so many places of interest in Scotland and has so thoroughly gratified his feelings thereby—unlike Byron—is acquainted with the Christian virtues of resignation. It appears that he looks forward—we know not with what reason—to his approaching departure from this life. Whether this is a literary expression, or whether the horse-stealer having seen Burns's cottage now feels that his earthly work is over here below, one thing is evident, that when he rises from life's banquet, he will rise cheerfully—*conviva satur*. This spirit is much more enviable than the temper which leaps madly at the precipice, and ends a joyless existence by plunging into endless abysses of gloom. The Byronic has no hope here, and cares but little, we may believe, for posterity. The Burnsian quits his streams and fields, and, like Regulus, goes back to prison, casting glances of proud expectation behind him on his country's press. "Ere this reaches the press," he tells us, "I shall be in the hands of the police authorities." Let no man write my epitaph, said the Irish patriot, who was of a Byronic tendency. I appeal to a patriotic press to do justice to my motives, says the horse-stealer who has been in the heather wi' Burns. For the rest, may fortitude and submission assist him to bear Heaven's will. But he is unnecessarily hard upon himself in calling his imprudent act a crime. It is not a crime to be poor, and to love Burns not wisely but too well. It will be for the chaplain of the jail to undeceive him on this point. If De Barnwell had committed no crime—and we are far from saying under the circumstances that he committed any—surely the horse-stealer's conscience may be at rest, and he need not call himself hard names.

"In the matter for which he suffered George could never be brought to acknowledge that he was at all in the wrong. 'It may be an

error of judgment,' he said to the venerable chaplain of the gaol; 'but it is no crime. Were it crime I should feel remorse. Where there is no remorse, crime cannot exist. I am not sorry, therefore I am innocent. Is the proposition a fair one?'

"The excellent doctor admitted that it was not to be contested."

Even after he was taken into custody the good horse-stealer—if accounts are true—did not at all give way. He does not pretend to be a martyr, nor is he immoderately depressed. His prevalent feeling still is, that he has enjoyed his Scotch tour, and that he wishes he could make the goaler and the police feel how completely he has done so. Besides this, he has all the pleasures of literature to soothe him. The world forsakes him, but his resources and his tastes are with him to the last. He keeps on issuing testimonials to the beauty of Scotch scenery. He draws up documents about himself and Burns, expressive of his attachment to the name of the Scottish Shakespeare, and of his satisfaction at having been able, by means of the horse, to go and see his cottage. There is no reticence about his language when he talks of himself. "A. K. H. B." could not be more communicative. Only a person thoroughly imbued with the spirit of poetry could so sincerely think that other people would care to know—and that the press would care to know—whether he had enjoyed himself in the Highlands or not. It is one of the great beauties of poetry that it conquers all *mauvaise honte*, and makes its votary feel quite confident that all the world take an interest in his emotions. We can imagine the good horse-stealer's pleasure after he had sent in his letter to the governor of the gaol, at being able to lie down in his bed and think what a relief it would be to the public to know that his trip in Ayrshire had passed off pleasantly. This is quite the manner of great authors. Great authors are like great generals, and never move without trailing behind them a sort of telegraphic wire, by means of which—the moment they arrive anywhere—they are able to sit down and telegraph to the rest of the world their first impressions. This kind of high literary cultivation the good horse-stealer possessed, though his grammar and his power of arranging sentences were not equal to his general culture. On leaving Glasgow for the prison of his native county, he at once handed in a farewell document. It is a good-bye to Scotland and the land of Burns. Of George de Barnwell it is related, that "even Snoggin, the turnkey appointed to sit with the prisoner, was affected by his noble and appropriate language, and burst into tears." It would have done Snoggin's heart good to have received the following paper from the warm-hearted horse-stealer. If the portrait transmitted to us of Snoggin is not too highly coloured, he would have pardoned the inextricable confusion of the letter, for the sake of the sentiment and the spirit:—

"In commemoration of my visit to Scotland, in which I had the pleasure of seeing at a single glance, and trod the fairy ground of the immortal Shakespeare of Scotland, and as an Englishman I am but too proud of having that liberty; yet at the same time I have left it this day; yet in love for the Ayrshire bard I leave my 'heart in the Highlands,' where the bard has had the honour of existing, and where he drew his first breath will adhere to my heart like the blooming heather to the mountain; and 'where Doon rins wimpling by sae clear,' I have breathed to nature a prayer for his repose. I leave it with a heavy heart; and so long as an English heart beats in my breast I will honour and revere his name and country."

If we contrast with this pathetic outpouring of this bruised poetic spirit, the wild scepticism of George de Barnwell, who was but a Byron at heart, we get a clear conception of the vast superiority of the tone of Scottish pastoral genius over the English melo-drama. On the one side is the blooming heather and the wimpling Doon; on the other is mad scorn and Titanic defiance of the gods. The gentle horse-dealer drops a tear at the idea of leaving even Scotland. George de Barnwell laughs a hollow laugh even as he is leaving life. We have listened to Burns; Byron must have his turn:—

"'You weep, my Snoggin,' the boy said, 'and why? Hath life been so charming to me that I should wish to retain it? Hath Pleasure no after weariness? Ambition no deception; Wealth no care; and Glory no mockery? Psha! I am sick of Success, galled of Pleasure, weary of Wine and Wit, and—nay, start not, my Adelaide—and Women. I fling away all these things as the Toys of Boyhood. Life is the Soul's Nursery. I am a Man and pine for the Illimitable. Has the Morrow any Terrors for me, think you? Did Socrates falter at his poison? Did Seneca blench in his bath? My great Hazard has been played, and I pay my forfeit. Lie sheathed in my heart thou flashing Blade. Welcome to my Bosom, thou faithful Serpent. I hug thee, peacebearing Image of the Eternal! Ha! the Hemlock Cup! Fill high, boy, for my Soul is thirsty for the Infinite! Get ready the Bath, friends; prepare me for the feast To-morrow—bathe my limbs in odours, and put ointment in my hair.'"

We think there cannot be a doubt in the mind of any sensible person, certainly not of any Scotchman, which of the two farewell addresses is to be preferred. If convicts are to be sentimental we had rather have the convict who leaves his heart in the Highlands,

than the convict who, like Seneca, prepares his bath. We had rather have a convict also who spells heart in an ordinary manner, than one who has a Soul with a capital letter. This, however, is a matter of simple feeling, and, we have no doubt, Sir Bulwer Lytton would think differently. In conclusion we leave the horse-stealer to the laws of his country, and trust that he may be enabled to bear the decree of Heaven which is likely to fall on him in the ensuing assizes. His tale is a touching one. His only fault has been that he loved the Beautiful too well. After perusing his story we cannot but believe with Sir Bulwer, "that the Truthful and the Beautiful bloom sometimes in the Dock and the convict's tawny Gaberdine."

FIRE AND FASHION.

THE arbitrary and capricious rule of fashion is a marvel of long standing to which the lords of the creation, for the most part, submit with wondering resignation. It blows where it listeth. Whence it comes, and whither it goes, men do not know, nor do they very much care. There is, to be sure, a section of the male sex which pays homage to a fashion of its own with a love and obedience passing the love and obedience of women; but this section is a small minority everywhere, and somehow it never atones for lack of numbers by pre-eminent energy or ability. Whether a Dundreary wears a coat an inch longer or shorter, and whether he carries an umbrella an ounce heavier or lighter, not a grain is added to the joy or sorrow of any human being but himself and the like of himself. Fashion, however, among women is a very different thing. Among them it extends its sway over all ranks, conditions, and ages; for a woman without the love of dress and ornament is one in more than a million. And no one can have failed to observe the rapidity with which a change of fashion in women's dress is filtered down through all grades of society. In some mysterious boudoir, probably in Paris, it is ordained that bonnets shall have high peaks; the fiat comes across the water to us, and forthwith in the most squalid of London courts will be found greasy and ragged, but still high-peaked bonnets, asserting that one touch of nature which makes all womankind akin. To take up arms in the hope of overthrowing a power of such magnitude is an enterprise far beyond the strength of men. Cautious men, children of this world, keep their thoughts to themselves, and scarcely ever dream of any serious opposition to fashion. Pusillanimous, perhaps, but wise in their generation, they content themselves with feeble efforts to temper the despotism by jokes and caricatures, under cover of anonymous journalism.

From time to time, however, such dire calamities are distinctly traceable to the requirements of a passing fashion, that men can endure in silence no longer. Anything short of imminent danger to health, and even life itself, they will put up with, but their patient acquiescence finds its limit at this point. Then at last "Paterfamilias" snatches up his pen in a frenzy of despair, and, under the disguise of some hideous name such as "Misopyrist," writes a wild letter to the *Times*, imploring the press to write down and the clergy to preach down the "Moloch" of the hour, and exhorting all husbands and fathers to do many things which he probably has not the resolution to give an example of in his own house and family. For a while the press takes up the subject, and a considerable clamour is made; but for all that the fashion hold its ground, lives for its allotted time, and then quietly gives place to a successor, which may, in its turn, attack life or health from another quarter, gather its victims undisturbed, and then retire. Not many years ago a great outcry was made against the small size of ladies' bonnets, which left half the head exposed; for, according to the testimony of medical men, illnesses were largely multiplied by this absurd covering for the head in a wintry climate. Still more recent is the outbreak against "arsenic green," when impassioned writers drew terrible pictures of the queen of the ball-room inhaling death at every step, and scattering the seeds of disease among all around her. And now a succession of awful disasters, the result of dresses catching fire, has created something like a panic in society. "The systematic incrimination," exclaims the affrighted *Standard*, "of a given number of young and pretty women may now be looked upon as an institution of modern Europe;" and a correspondent of the *Times* thinks the time has come for every clergyman to take for the text of a sermon,— "That no man might make his son or his daughter pass through the fire to Moloch." And a more prosaic idea of the extent of the evil has been given by the statement of a metropolitan coroner, that out of twenty-three inquests held by him in cases of death by burning, no less than eighteen were caused by clothes catching fire.

The last, as yet, in the grim series of tragedies took place at a

theatre, and from the evidence given at the inquest, there seems to be no doubt that a calamity which has hurried one poor girl from the world, and disfigured another for life, might have been averted by the exercise of ordinary prudence. Seeing how things are managed at some theatres, it becomes almost a matter of wonder that audiences are not horrified, night after night, by the spectacle of an actress enveloped in flames. The dangers of the foot-lights are a very old story, but they are by no means the only source of danger. At the sides of the stage blaze naked jets of gas, and to these are sometimes added for scenic effects, as everybody knows, red and other coloured lights. In what are called the "transformation scenes," the danger reaches its culminating point; and it was during one of these scenes that the recent accident at the Princess's Theatre took place. The wings of the stage were crowded with the members of the *corps de ballet* all of course dressed in the lightest and most inflammable materials. On every side of them, close to their heads, and at their feet, were burning unprotected lights; and it was by a spark, it seems, from a naked red light that Miss Hunt's dress was set on fire. Her companion, Miss Smith, obeying the impulse of nature, ran to the rescue, and in a moment her dress too was in flames. Happily for Miss Hunt she was seized by a man who had a cloak to wrap round her, and thus she escaped with her life, though not without severe injuries. Her less fortunate comrade was caught by men who had nothing but their hands, and hence their efforts to extinguish the flames proved ineffectual till after she had received injuries from which there was no hope of recovery. And then it came out upon the coroner's inquest that wet blankets and other means of putting out fire, which careful managers have always in readiness, were nowhere at hand. We cannot but think, then, that it is high time for the Legislature to interfere for the prevention of similar disasters in theatres. It has interfered to secure the safety of workers in factories, by compelling the masters to fence machinery in motion, under the penalty of a heavy fine. Why, then, should it not compel the managers of theatres to take analogous precautions against accidents by fire? It is easy enough to protect lights by shades, and the burning of naked lights, in any place where there is danger, should be visited with fines. All dresses of light materials, supplied by the managers, should be rendered incombustible; and, to make assurance doubly sure, no performance should be allowed to take place without the means of extinguishing fire being kept close at hand and immediately accessible.

The danger of accident by fire in private houses is more difficult to deal with; for legislative interference with respect to them is out of the question. Whatsoever precautions are necessary must be left to the good sense and prudence of the public; and that constant precautions are needful will not be denied by any one who stops to consider that in these days women run a far greater risk of being burnt to death than ever they did before. Their perils have been increased in various ways. It is not only that ladies now surround themselves with a fence that makes them comparatively insensible to contact from the outer world, and that they, moreover, cover this fence with the flimsiest and most inflammable fabrics; but the danger which they thus go to meet at the same time comes, as it were, half-way to meet them. For the old-fashioned high grates and fenders are gradually disappearing, and to them succeed fenders which are no protection at all, and very low grates to the top of which the extremity of a crinoline is easily raised by a turn of the body. Such being the sources of all the perils that now surround ladies as they move in any room where there is a fire burning, it is easy to say, and some do say, Let us go back to the old silks and stuffs, the old grates and the old fenders; but there is not the smallest likelihood of any such retrograde step in civilization. The new-fashioned grates and fenders are too ornamental, and the muslin dresses of the present day are much too becoming, to be abandoned out of mere regard for the better preservation of feminine life. We must accept them—for the present, at least—as though they were necessities, and diligently seek to make them harmless by increased precautions. To "Paterfamilias," to husbands and fathers beyond all others, this duty belongs,—they alone can effectually grapple with the evil. Let them forthwith furnish every fire-place in their houses with an ordinary fire-guard, and let them expend all their fussiness in the assertion of a strict rule that the guard shall be constantly on when a fire is in the grate. The fire-guard, however, is far from being a complete security against accidents; for it must of necessity be taken off sometimes. Poor Miss Burchell removed the guard to stir the fire, and as she stirred it a spark fell upon her light evening dress, and her doom was sealed in that moment. The one effectual means of warding

off these fearful calamities has been pointed out again and again, and it only remains for the public to behave like reasonable beings, and stretch out their hands for the good thing that is within their reach. There is no doubt that the flimsiest fabrics can be made comparatively incombustible, both in the manufacture of them and by the use of a particular starch when they are washed. By such simple chemicals as tungstate of soda, sulphate of ammonia, and common borax, even tarlatan muslin can be made to burn with the slowness of tinder. The only possible objections to the use of such preparations are expense and injury to the look of dresses; but neither the one or the other has as yet been suggested. When, therefore, the lightest materials can be made secure from fire without expense and without any sacrifice of appearance, the preference of these to all others not so prepared would seem to be a matter of course to any man in his senses; but somehow there is no indication as yet of a general move in the right direction. How long shall this be so? From the public, and the public alone, must come the answer.

THE THRONE OF GREECE.

THE dethronement of Otho proved an easy task; the very ease and completeness with which it was accomplished, coupled with previous accidents to Greek rulers, has in no small degree added to the difficulties experienced in finding a fitting candidate for the Greek throne. The Greeks, it now appears, will not be so fortunate as to secure for their future king the brother of our ever-to-be-lamented Prince Consort, the Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. His mature age, his political experience, his ability, his royal connection, all seemed likely to fit him eminently for the arduous task. A mission of high importance awaits the future King of Greece, a mission essentially of peace, progress, and civilization. The elevation of so good a man as Prince Ernest to such a position, might have afforded matter of rejoicing, not to the Greek people alone, nor yet to Eastern Christians only, but to Christendom at large. It was as conquerors that the Turks entered Europe, and by force of arms they have maintained their conquest. That they are still vigorous as a nation, Russia has learnt to her cost, at Oltenitza, Silistria, and elsewhere, both on the banks of the Danube and in Asia Minor. If Turkey has failed to accept the invitation tendered to her to enter into the European family, it has been because the invitation was not sincere; there was bigotry at the bottom of it.

It is in her social system more than in religion, that we trace the real impediments to an intimate amalgamation between Turks and Christians. Those impediments, whatever may be their nature, the Christian Powers have endeavoured to remove, some by an appeal to arms, others by diplomatic pressure, none by measures of conciliation, divested of religious bigotry. Hence we find the Turks, not unnaturally, suspicious of their best friends, and always standing on the defensive, no matter how sound, useful, or disinterested may be the advice tendered to them, or by whom tendered. It is true that the Ottoman Sultan can no longer boast that he is "the ruler of three continents, the lord of two seas;" but Abdul Aziz seems now determined to hold his own against all comers. Our duty should be to endeavour to direct his energy into a peaceful channel, to give to it a progressive, not a retrograde tendency, and by example as well as by precept, to uphold religious liberty and discountenance bigotry.

Turkey is now weakened and partially paralysed, because she is continually and most ungenerously irritated and attacked by great Powers, through the instrumentality of smaller, and even of dependent states. Thus a constant drain is kept upon her finances, and the time is denied her in which to repair her exhaustion or to ameliorate the condition of her populations by internal reforms. But Turkey has more than once bravely turned on her tormentors, and has inflicted on them severe and well deserved punishment. At this moment the Sultan in person, standing as it were at bay, is preparing for a desperate struggle, which he fears may be forced upon him by the treachery of Christian states; nominally friendly, but really hostile to him.

Terrible indeed would be the result, if three millions of armed Turks, headed by their Sultan, were let loose on the ten millions of unarmed Christians in European Turkey. Such a catastrophe is far from being impossible, yet it may be easily averted, and the circumstances which originated the existing alarm may be turned to good account.

The Sultan finds a difficulty in repressing and protecting his Christian subjects. He may effect both these objects and obtain increased security for his empire, if he will permit the Christians, Slaves, and Mussulmans to settle down in distinct political com-

munities and organise their own Governments, as the Roumans, Servians, and Egyptians have already done. Under a good government Greece may become the nucleus of Christianity, perhaps an influential State, equally powerful for good in the civilization of the East, and by affording to persecuted Eastern Christians a secure refuge on a fertile and abundant soil. Under the influence of moral pressure on the part of the Christian Powers, much may be done to forward the accomplishment of these great ends. Meanwhile, ere Greece can attain the position which it would appear she is destined by Providence to occupy, much remains to be done. Many and great difficulties have to be overcome; success depends chiefly on the ability of the new Hellenic King, and on the conduct of his people. The task is no light one: despite, however, the actual condition of Greece, it will be far easier of accomplishment than is very generally asserted. To appreciate the real difficulties of this task, it is necessary to understand well the character of the Greek people and the modern history of their country. Except to very few, both are insufficiently known. Statesmen and politicians were mostly ignorant of the internal system of government under which the Greeks lived when, in 1820, they raised the standard of revolt against their oppressor. Even the authority of Sir Stratford Canning was questioned, when, in the year 1828, he reported favourably on the municipal institutions under which the Greeks had been permitted almost to govern themselves, and on which they afterwards based their Constitution. The Conference of London was incredulous. Russia, better informed than England, obtained a dominant influence in Greece, placed her own creature, Capo d'Istria, in supreme power, and through him destroyed the municipal, representative, financial, and judicial independence of Greece. Capo d'Istria established a centralized despotism in lieu of constitutional liberty. We know his end. Otho, regardless of the wishes of the people whom he was called upon to govern, and in open violation of his oath of 30th March, 1844, was as despotic as his predecessor. He has justly suffered for his dishonesty. The Greeks now seek no more than they endeavoured to secure to themselves at the Assemblies of Epidaurus in 1821; at Astros in 1823, at Troezen in 1827, and at Athens in 1843, viz., a constitutional form of government. This they still desire with unabated ardour, although by Russian and other foreign machinations all that could be done has been done to crush in the Greek people every feeling of constitutional freedom, and to establish in Greece an Eastern despotism more oppressive than had ever been imposed upon them by Turkish masters. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Greeks are unfitted for, or incompetent to appreciate, a constitutional government. Their ideas of it are identical with our own; they are based on their municipal institutions. If they were fitted for one, they are equally fitted for the other. The cardinal principles of both are,—that taxes should only be levied on the people by its representatives; that the Ministers of State should be responsible to the people. Otho became intolerable—not on account of his dishonesty, his corrupt practices, or his flagrant acts of injustice, but because he was an unconstitutional monarch, and because, after twenty years of trial, he had proved himself irredeemably despotic.

The vices of Otho will make success the more easily attainable by his successor. There is nothing in the state of the country to excite alarm. The Greeks are as impressionable as they are clever. They will eagerly rally round a real constitutional monarch; and, as in 1827, there is every reason to hope that the issue of the first proclamation will restore order throughout the kingdom.

The national energies of the Greeks are now awakened, and without doubt they will cheerfully aid their future king to consolidate his power upon the throne, to carry out all necessary reforms, and to re-establish the national credit. By these means Greece may acquire substantial power in Europe, and be enabled, with profit to herself, to confer incalculable benefits on both Christians and Mussulmans in all bordering States. To the future King of Greece may yet belong the glory of staying the current which has for centuries in European Turkey set in so fatally against Christians, under the agency of the Mahomedan conqueror; to reverse the conversions of the sword, to encourage the emigration of nations and peoples, with a view to their uniting together according to nationalities, and concentrating the elements of Christianity throughout the East.

THE COMIC PRESS IN PRUSSIA.

THE Saviour of Society in France is at present enjoying the flattering spectacle of the weak government of a neighbouring State aping his iron rule. M. von Bismarck, fresh from the categorical lessons of the Tuileries, has determined that in no point

will he leave his Imperial tutor unimitated. His foreign policy proceeds on the comparatively simple system of making a noise in men's ears; and his home policy consists in taking the Prussian lieges by those ears in order to direct their attention to his spirited escapades abroad. For this purpose, however, it becomes imperatively necessary that no other Sirens should gain an audience by their singing; and accordingly warnings and stoppages are administered right and left among those Liberal papers which cannot learn by instinct how to hold their tongues. One journal had hitherto escaped the stocks; and it was supposed that however the daring *Volks Zeitung* and the insidious *National Zeitung* might suffer beneath a paternal government, *Kladderadatsch* would be allowed to cut his jokes in peace. But he reckoned without his Premier; and his number of January 18th (the contents of which will ever remain a secret except to an appreciative police), fell a victim to the Minister's busy arm. *En revanche*, he informs his learned men (with which title he is wont to honour his contributors) in a happier number, that they have at last teased and tickled and drawn blood in an unsafe quarter; at the same time taking the liberty to add, *sub rosa*, that though they were not living in Spain, and blessed with Marquis Posa's freedom of speech, yet right remained right!

The career of *Kladderadatsch* is a literary as well as a political curiosity. He was born in the revolution of '48, when men's tongues were set free at Berlin as elsewhere, and has managed to maintain ever since his liberty of speech and comment, annoyed by only one or two seizures at home, though excluded for a long time from circulation in Austria. The pettifogging rule of Mantuffel, and the shilly-shallying government of Van der Heydt have both been tempered by his epigrams. It was currently reported at Berlin that this toleration during the years of reaction was mainly to be attributed to the personal favour of the late King of Prussia, whose known fondness for *calembours* even earned him the reputation of being himself one of *Kladderadatsch's* learned men. However that may be, since the reins of government passed into the hands of the Prince-Regent, the present king, the witty journal grew less fond of exhibiting loyalty as one of its favourite qualities, though it has never ventured to attack the sovereign personally by word or by picture. But M. von Bismarck, as we know from his speech to the Chambers on the Address the other day, will not consent to any distinctions being drawn between the monarch's person and his cabinet; and *Kladderadatsch* having of late waxed furious in his onslaughts on the warlike premier, whose skull he is fond of depicting as tapering into a helmet, and Roon, the terrible Minister of War, and the pious Mühler, the author of the popular ditty of "Straight from the tavern I'm issuing forth," it has been decreed by the present interpreters of Constitutional Government at Berlin that their reckless satirist shall have a warning.

Humorous periodicals were not apt to flourish in Germany. The *Fliegende Blätter*, of Munich, were established long before their Berlin rival, and have never lost their extensive circulation; but this is to be ascribed to the excellence and humour of their woodcuts, which chiefly occupy themselves with safe topics, such as the imbecility of the rustic mind, and the misfortunes of the Sunday sportsman. Otherwise the *Fliegende Blätter* are, like most things Bavarian, beery and slow. The Vienna *Figaro* is a wretched quarter-sheet, with just enough fun in it to raise a laugh in an Austrian, that most easily-amused of human beings, and with the fear before its mind of another prosecution like that which last summer overtook its hapless editor. The Leipzig *Dorfbarbier* is a mere imitation of *Kladderadatsch* in its more prominent features, but rejoices in an ineffable vulgarity all its own.

The Berlin *Charivari* (for the term *Kladderadatsch* signifies the same as the title of the unhappy French paper whose feeble light still flickers as a memorial of happier times for journalists and jesters) possesses a wit indigenous of the soil whence it sprung. The Berliners are perhaps the wittiest among the inhabitants of the capitals of Europe. But their wit is of a cheerless and heartless description, differing as much from the sparkling *esprit* of the Parisians as from the infantile gaiety of the Viennese. Enthusiasm is a thing unknown at Berlin; and the very last enterprise the late king should have undertaken was to ride about as he did waving a German tricolor among his "dear Berliners," of whom every baker's boy is a satirist and every cobbler a critic. Their wit, moreover, spares nobody and nothing. Religion, its ministers, and institutions, are victims especially marked. The Germans of the North in general have not the faintest glimmering of that feeling which all English public writers respect, that there are subjects which wit and ridicule should never approach. They talk and jest as familiarly about names and subjects of which we are only accustomed to hear in church, as Mephistopheles, in Goethe's "Prologue," talks and jests with the Deity Himself. Moreover, it

is to be remembered that a great number among the Berlin humourists—as indeed among the entire school of writers at one time denominated *Young Germany*—belong to those nondescript people, whom their enemies accuse of being Jews, and who themselves make the Jews the subject of their bitterest and most telling taunts. If the reader wishes for a specimen of the highest kind of this sort of wit—a wit which has sworn enmity to the things that be, without giving much thought to the things that should be—throughout negative and destructive, “a queer compound of dirt and fire,” let him turn to the brilliant prose of Heine; if he desires to watch its shafts flying at the passing occurrences of the day, let him refer to any number of *Kladderadatsch*.

“This paper appears every day with the exception of the week-days.” It opens with a prophetic calendar for the week; and its leading article is generally an address in sonorous verse by *Kladderadatsch* to his readers. On this often follows a short burlesque of some popular novel, or drama, or poem of the day; the last number, *e. g.*, contains a farrago entitled “Step-mother Lizzy, a fellow to Gounod’s *Margaret*.” This is a new dramatic version of the loves of Don Carlos and his stepmother Elizabeth, written to ridicule an opera which has lately had a wonderful run in Germany, and the text of which is adapted from Goethe’s tragedy with the usual exquisite modesty and appreciativeness of French librettists. The parody is signed *Charles Miessnigues*, who adds that he has “Frenchified his name, in order to escape the fate of Richard Wagner, in case of a performance at Paris.” Carichen, or Charley Miessnick, is a favourite hero of *Kladderadatsch*, and is supposed to be an aspiring youth in the fourth class of a *gymnasium*, who writes in a marvellous style, combining the grandeur of a journalist with the defective grammar of a schoolboy.

The *Feuilleton* is made up of small jokes and quips, after the manner of *Charivari* and *Punch*. But there is an utter absence of the harmlessness which at present attends all the utterances of the former, and of the intolerable didactic style which the writers in the latter often consider themselves justified in adopting. A favourite device of the Berlin wags is to clothe their jests in the shape of advertisements, or notices from some supposed or real personage, alive or departed, and in the last number, “Borussia,” “The Inhabitants of the Zoological Gardens,” “*Ελλάς*,” and “F. Schiller, author of *Fiesco*, and proprietor of a monument *in spe*,” do duty in this manner. At the top of the third page invariably appear those two figures who have become the *Pasquin* and *Marforio* of Berlin, Müller and Schultze, the German equivalents for Brown and Jones, who discourse in brief dialogues on the prevailing questions of the day. In the last number, of course, the confiscation of the journal itself moves them to talk. “Why, what’s this, Schultze?” asks Müller, “you didn’t turn up last Saturday.” “Ah,” says Schultze, “I didn’t feel quite well.” “Show us your tongue,” says the other; “you’ve been suffering.” “From a sudden seizure.” “Oh, indeed! Well, if that’s all, *that’ll soon pass away*.” “So I think,” says Schultze. Of course it is next to impossible to translate these jokes, which are always in the Berlin dialect. Another far-famed character of *Kladderadatsch*’s creation, Zwickauer, who, we suppose, is a Saxon Jew, uses a dialect purely his own. His “*Idées Zwickoiriennes*,” written on a well-known model, created great amusement some time ago. In fact, Louis Napoleon is the *bête noire* of the Berlin humourists, who, of late, never mention him by name, but always talk of him vaguely as HIM, and the other day began to gratify their spleen against the supposed influence of the French Empress by according her the same demoniacal pre-eminence, as SHE.

Of the illustrations which fill the fourth and last page it is impossible to speak without contempt, when we compare them with the finished political and social sketches which every week grace the columns of *Punch*. Neither have they the vigorous dash of the pencil of Cham; but are simply coarse, and often not wholly decent, woodcuts with very little art either of design or execution. The standing caricature of HIM, for instance, would surely scare even Mr. Kinglake in his wholesome hatred of the brethren of the Elysée. The loyal addresses to the king have lately been the most fruitful theme for the caricaturist; and in one of the recent numbers there is an amusing representation of *Kladderadatsch*, whose type is a rather dilapidated and very tipsy-looking individual standing in a forest of addresses, and laying to rest the old tail-coat which is supposed to have done duty on the backs of many loyal emissaries, while he chants a parody of Goethe’s “*Wanderer’s Song at Night* :—

“Under all addresses is peace.

Wait yet awhile! yet awhile!
And thou too shalt sleep!”

It is to be hoped that this bold and witty journal will improve in time with respect to its illustrations and its occasional sins against decorum; and may, some day, like Mr. Bowdler’s “*Family Shakespeare*” among ourselves, be able to boast of its fitness to be read aloud in every family circle. To the family circle of the present Prussian ministry it will probably ever remain an unpalatable dish; but “that,” as Schultze says, “will soon pass away.” Long may *Kladderadatsch* survive his seizure, and long may he flourish to remind M. von Bismarck and other too courtly administrators of the healthy current of popular ridicule, and of the contemptuous dislike which will, in a sincerely constitutional nation, attend every despotic interference and all undue extensions of the Royal prerogative!

THE TRIAL OF EFFIE DEANS.

MR. BOUCICAULT has apparently grown weary of that newer school of the Sensation Drama, of which he has been himself the chief representative. Terrific “headers” and miraculous escapes have lost their charm for him. In his new play there is but one sensation scene, and that is modelled, with the utmost exactness, on the oldest and most approved type. The attack on the prison, which brings the drama to a close, is good of its kind, and none the less agreeable because its character is one with which we are perfectly familiar. There is a flavour of legitimacy about red fire, and a brisk discharge of pistols in the wings; and, if we must have melodrama at all, we like it legitimate. Flames and explosions are the fitting accompaniments, on the stage, of any crisis, whether public or private; and as soon as they are introduced we fall instinctively into a suitable frame of mind, and watch the fall of the curtain with the soothing conviction that all the proprieties have been complied with. The only improvement that we can suggest in Mr. Boucicault’s last production is in the way of curtailment. We wish to end where he ends, but then we should like to begin there too. The last scene is quite able to stand alone. It is true that it comes after Effie’s trial, but it is in no sense an ending to it. The story would be incomplete, perhaps, without it, but then it is not complete with it; and the concluding catastrophe would be all the more impressive if the audience were not jaded, as at present, by three tedious preliminary acts. English playgoers have, no doubt, been trained into an inordinate fondness for “sensation,” in the coarsest sense of the word; and where a whole play is a series of disjointed “situations,” each one is to a degree complete in itself, and may quite afford to stand alone. Mr. Boucicault, at any rate, seems resolved to go all lengths in ministering to the prevailing taste. Many dreadful things have been enacted on the stage over which he at present reigns supreme; but we doubt whether, in Mr. Batty’s palmiest days, anything more terrifically melodramatic than the siege of Lucknow was ever submitted to the gaze of a shuddering transpontine audience. The “*Trial of Effie Deans*” is one step nearer to the prosaic region of possibility, but is hardly less dependent on its “sensational” element for the interest which it excites in the beholders. The trial scene, which gives a name to the play, is brought on the stage, so far as the accessories are concerned, with considerable effect, and Mr. Boucicault delivers a speech which we can readily imagine may be a very happy reproduction of the leader at some Irish sessions. If this does not seem very appropriate praise to give to a supposed Scotch advocate, the fault was inherent in the circumstances of the case. Still, as this is almost the only bit of acting in the play, we should have been glad to see it lengthened, and the scene would have gained in effectiveness if probability had been a little more consulted. Confessions, if they are to secure a conviction, are generally read to the jury, and the counsel for the defence is rarely allowed to have all the talk to himself. Mrs. Boucicault’s Jeanie Deans seems to us the least happy character she has yet sustained, and Miss Edith Stuart unfortunately quite fails to excite any special interest as Effie. Both the sisters are conventional Scotch peasants, and nothing more. Mr. Ryder does not rise even to this mark. His intermittent attempts at speaking with a Scotch accent may not make him a worse “heavy father” than usual, but they are wholly inadequate to make him a fitting representative of David Deans. Could Sir Walter Scott have foreseen the degradation in store for his hero, he would never have described him as speaking “with a voice that made the roof ring.” Upon this Mr. Ryder seems to have founded his conception of the character, though he has added thereto some heavy falls and several sentimental speeches. When not employed in either of these ways, he is generally being led about by Reuben Butler, much after the fashion of a blind man and his dog. Mr. Boucicault, indeed,

seems to cherish a special spite against the part, for he carefully cuts out from the dialogue all the characteristic speeches which are to be found in the novel, and replaces them with some of his own composition. We are bound to say that these substituted remarks invariably draw down the applause of the gallery, but we think it would have been worth while to try whether the words which Sir Walter Scott puts into David's mouth might not have been as effective as praises of cold water, and comparisons of his heart to a cold hearthstone. A Duke, at least as rendered on the stage, is rarely an imposing object, and even a more brilliant performer than Mr. H. Vandenhoff might fail to enliven the part of the Duke of Argyll. Archibald, his groom of the chambers, contrives to be rather amusing, chiefly by dint of repeating the last word of every speech which is made before him—a habit which, though it would infallibly have secured his dismissal in real life, may well be tolerated in a play in which it constitutes the sole element of amusement. The character, however, is of such minor importance, that we should hardly have thought it worth mentioning, had it not been the one part to which we can conscientiously accord a single word of praise.

If Mr. Boucicault had contented himself with giving us an ordinarily dull play, the event would hardly have been important enough to demand a notice. We dare say that to those persons who make acquaintance with the "Heart of Mid-Lothian," for the first time, on the boards of the Theatre Royal Westminster, the dramatized version of it may seem no worse than other productions of the same stamp. But it seems a sort of literary sacrilege thus wantonly to travesty one of the greatest creations of Sir Walter Scott's genius. Mr. Boucicault, of all men, is bound to do better. He professes a great anxiety for the interests of the British stage; he has announced his intentions, his method, and the success which he looks upon as already within his reach, in terms of confident and unblushing self-applause. At present he stands pledged to great things. He is bound to clear his £20,000 a year—so his advertisements informed us—and to revolutionize the theatrical world. *Quid feret*—naturally exclaims the inquisitive sight-seer—*quid feret hic tanto dignum promissor hiatu?*—when are the fair results of the first instalment of the £20,000 to make themselves apparent? When is the revolution to begin? Mr. Boucicault's achievements are likely, we think, to be of a humbler kind: he possesses several qualifications for his task of manager; he is himself a thoroughly competent actor; his racy Irish brogue is natural and amusing, and will carry off all but the dullest parts with decent success; his wife, if provided with an appropriate rôle, can act, as she proved in the "Colleen Bawn," with true pathos, grace, and refinement; he has constructed, out of rather unkindly materials, a fairly pretty and fairly comfortable theatre, and fixed the prices of admission at a sensibly moderate rate. The situation, too, is in his favour, for, though Astley's is on the unfashionable side of the Thames, yet it is so close to Westminster Bridge that it is really as near to the West-end of London as most of its rivals. It appears to be well filled, and therefore we will hope that it answers. There, however, Mr. Boucicault's triumphs, for the present, stop. If he wishes to achieve a permanent success, or to be of real service to his profession, he must aim at attracting a higher class of spectators than such as would be equally gratified at a music-hall or a singing tavern. To do this he must look out for actors, and to obtain actors he must give them something better to perform than the "Trial of Effie Deans."

THE PAST WEEK.

PARLIAMENT was opened by Royal Commission on Thursday. The Prince of Wales took his seat amongst the peers. The Queen's Speech begins with the announcement of his marriage; a treaty for it with the King of Denmark is laid before both Houses; and they are asked to make provision for a household suitable to the rank and dignity of the heir apparent of these realms, as well as to sympathize with her Majesty upon an event so interesting to her, which will, she trusts, by the blessing of God, prove conducive to the happiness of her family, and to the welfare of her people. The next subject referred to is the revolution in Greece, by which the throne of that kingdom has become vacant; "and the Greek nation have expressed the strongest desire that her Majesty's son, Prince Alfred, should accept the Greek Crown. This unsolicited and spontaneous manifestation of good-will towards her Majesty and her family, and of a due appreciation of the benefits conferred by the principles and practice of the British constitution, could not fail to be highly gratifying, and has been deeply felt by her Majesty. But the diplomatic engagements of her Majesty's Crown, together with other weighty considerations, have prevented her Majesty from yielding to this general wish of the Greek nation. Her Majesty trusts, however, that the

same principles of choice which led the Greek nation to direct their thoughts, in the first instance, towards his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, may guide them to the selection of a Sovereign under whose sway the kingdom of Greece may enjoy the blessings of internal prosperity, and of peaceful relations with other States; and if in such a state of things the Republic of the Seven Islands should declare a deliberate wish to be united to the kingdom of Greece, her Majesty would be prepared to take such steps as may be necessary for a revision of the treaty of November, 1815, by which that republic was reconstituted and was placed under the protection of the British Crown." After the customary remark, that her Majesty's relations with Foreign Powers continue to be friendly and satisfactory, the Speech observes that, while she has viewed with the deepest concern the desolating warfare which still rages in America, she has abstained from taking any step with a view to induce a cessation of the conflict, because it has not yet seemed that any such overtures could have a probability of success. She has meantime witnessed with heartfelt grief the severe distress and suffering which that war has inflicted upon a large class of her subjects, but which has been borne by them with noble fortitude and with exemplary resignation. It is some consolation to hope that this distress is rather diminishing, and that some revival of employment is beginning to take place in the manufacturing districts. It has been gratifying to witness the abundant generosity with which all classes of her Majesty's subjects, in all parts of the empire, have contributed to relieve their suffering fellow-countrymen; the remotest colonists having proved, on this occasion, that, although they dwell far away, their hearts are still warm with unabated affection for the land of their fathers. The constant and laborious attention with which the distribution of these funds has been superintended by the Relief Committees is also noticed. The commercial treaty with Belgium, and a convention respecting joint-stock companies, are to be laid before the Houses, with papers relating to the affairs of Italy, Greece, Denmark, and Japan. The estimates, of course, have been prepared with a due regard to economy, and some reductions of expenditure are promised. Notwithstanding the American war, the general commerce of the country has not sensibly diminished in the past year; the French commercial treaty has already yielded the most advantageous results to both these nations; the productive resources of this country are unimpaired; the state of the revenue, in spite of many unfavourable circumstances, has not been unsatisfactory. It is, in conclusion, highly gratifying to her Majesty to observe the spirit of order which happily prevails throughout her dominions, and which is so essential an element in the well-being and prosperity of nations. This, omitting the merely conventional phrases, is the substance of the Queen's speech.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales with Princess Alexandra of Denmark will take place upon Tuesday, March 10, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in which the Prince of Wales was christened; and by this arrangement the Queen will be enabled to be present in private, which could not, under existing circumstances, have been the case at the Chapel Royal in London. The Prince is to hold a levée at St. James's Palace on the 25th, and the Princess Royal of Prussia will hold a drawing-room on the 28th of February, when all presentations will be considered as made to her Majesty.

It is stated that, without awaiting the report of the Convict Prisons Commission, Sir George Grey has resolved upon a change in the ticket-of-leave system. In all future cases, a prisoner under a second sentence of penal servitude is to be denied any remission of the full term of incarceration.

We refer to an article of ours, in another page, on the circumstances of a dispute between the Brazilian Government and the British Minister at Rio de Janeiro, which has partly been settled, and partly referred to the arbitration of the King of the Belgians.

The meeting in Exeter Hall which was got up by the "Emanicipation Society," as a demonstration in favour of the Northern side in the American civil war, has been followed by several other meetings in provincial towns and in the suburbs of London; Mr. George Thompson being the principal orator at Bath one evening and the next at Newington Butts. Mr. E. Baines, M.P., has presided over a similar meeting at Leeds. Mr. Bright has spoken at Rochdale on the occasion of voting the thanks of the cotton-spinners to the New York merchants, who have sent us a ship laden with provisions for the relief of Lancashire distress. He said that the cause of the gigantic strife in America was an infamous conspiracy against the rights of human nature; that the Southern principles of negro slavery, worse than had been ever practised by savages or professed by the heathen of former times, were a very doctrine of devils, and all mankind ought to shudder at their guilt. As the secession of the South was a rebellion against the majority, every friend of freedom should sympathize with the North. It was not the fact that the distress in Lancashire was caused by the Federal blockade; the South might send us their cotton if they chose, but they purposely withheld it, and even burnt it, that, by injuring us, they might compel us to join their side. He regretted that England was the only country in Europe where men were to be found willing to make their Government take part against the North, and ready to supply the South with munitions of war. He complained of the false representations put forth by our press on this American question; and he denounced Sir Robert Peel for daring to say that he hoped the Southern States would establish their independence. Why, Sir Robert Peel was Chief Secretary to the Government of Ireland, and if Ireland were to attempt to secede, his Government would sack its cities and drench its

soil with blood. Thus spoke Mr. Bright at Rochdale; whilst at Bury, Mr. Frederick Peel, Secretary to the Treasury, said that if the war in America should continue, it would be our duty to interfere for restoring peace; he commended the French Government for its attempt to bring about a reconciliation, and said our Government would have to justify itself in the House of Commons for refusing to join in those good offices; which could only be done by showing that there was reason to fear lest our advice should be misconstrued, so as to injure our dignity and our chances of future usefulness. Though we must all abhor slavery, and desire the emancipation of the negroes, we could not approve such acts as those of President Lincoln, which were likely to produce great mischief, and which had for their motive, not so much the welfare of the slave, as hatred of his white master. He did not see any immediate prospect of the termination of the war; and we should encourage the growth of Indian cotton, to prevent a recurrence of our present distress.

The United States Minister has received a deputation from the British Anti-Slavery Society, to congratulate him on President Lincoln's decree of emancipation. In reply to their address, Mr. Adams said that, as the policy of the Southern rebellion was to perpetuate slavery by first dissolving the Union, that of the Union was, on the contrary, to uproot slavery, as its only safeguard against all future attacks upon the principles of freedom. Hence the absolute necessity for the first appeal of the President in support of the Union, and, secondly, for the proclamation. Had the resistance to the Union been less vigorously conducted, the adoption of such a measure just yet might have been more questionable. It might have been still possible to graduate the treatment of the evil by adopting expedients to soften the severity of its operation with time. As it was, few people could even now doubt that the course of things had set against the permanence of slavery in America. The sentiment of the civilized world had pronounced its doom.

Mr. Farnall's report, at the last weekly meeting of the Central Executive Committee in Manchester, where Lord Derby again presided, shows a continued decrease in the number of persons receiving parochial relief in the distressed districts; but the leading members of the committee declared that, in the towns of Ashton, Bolton, Bury, Blackburn, and Burnley, matters seemed likely to be worse than ever in the next month or two. Mr. Maclure's monthly return has just been published, showing that, of the 534,593 operatives, there are 228,129 wholly unemployed, 159,537 on short time, and but 146,927 on full time. Comparing this return with that for the past month, there are 25,796 more hands in full work than at the end of the year. The present weekly loss of wages is £172,000. The poor-law guardians are giving out-door relief to 221,000 persons, while the charitable fund committees have 374,630 pensioners on their list, of whom 235,741 get nothing from the rates. The total weekly expenditure, from both sources, is at the rate of £55,000.

The news from America is to January 24th. The positions of the several corps of the belligerent armies are precisely described by us in an article upon that subject. It appears that the second advance of the army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock has been put off, partly from the state of the weather and partly from alleged inefficiency in the quartermaster's department. The reprisals are put in force; the Confederate authorities have ordered that Federal officers captured after January 12th should be delivered to the Governors of the States where captured; on the other hand, General Halleck has ordered that no more Confederate officers shall be released on parole. President Lincoln has signed the bill for a further issue of \$100,000,000 Treasury notes for the payment of the army, and has sent a message to Congress urging it to restrict the issue of irredeemable paper currency, and to tax the circulation of the banks. A bill has been reported to the United States' Senate to authorize letters of marque. A bill has been introduced in the House of Representatives appropriating 10,000,000 dollars for the emancipation of the slaves in Maryland. General Fitz John Porter has been found guilty of the charges brought against him, and dismissed from the service. It is expected that General Butler, who has been received with a popular ovation in the northern cities, will be restored to his command at New Orleans. Mr. Wendell Phillips, the Abolitionist orator, loudly applauds him; while the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher declares, that the Union is to be saved by raising an army of negroes. The Democratic party, however, are speaking out more boldly than ever against President Lincoln's administration; and the Governor of the State of New Jersey, in his message to the Legislature, denounces the emancipation proclamation and the illegal arrests, and recommends peace upon the basis of the union of the States with their equality and rights unimpaired. In the New York State Legislature at Albany, scenes of great violence and disorder between the Democratic and Republican parties have taken place. From the Southern capital, Richmond, we hear that a new financial scheme has been introduced in the Confederate Congress, proposing an amendment to the constitution, and legalising the issue of notes to be legal tender during the war, and five years after its termination. The scheme also includes a proposal for purchasing the whole of the Southern cotton crop; the present crop to be purchased at 10 to 15 cents per pound. A steamer laden with 400 bales of cotton was burnt whilst endeavouring to escape out of Charleston. The French offer of mediation seems not to have been very well received by the North. Count Mercier, in his interviews with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, has repeated anew his assurances of the friendly regards of the Emperor Napoleon. He said that the intentions of

France, in her proposal of mediation, and in her expedition to Mexico, are in consonance with the most friendly feelings to the American Union and American interests; that, in regard to Mexico particularly, the Emperor had no purpose to interfere with American rights, or the rights of nations, but only to maintain the honour of France. Notwithstanding this, resolutions have been introduced in the Senate at Washington, declaring that the attempt by France to subjugate Mexico is hostile to the United States and to free institutions, and that it is a violation of international law, and of the faith of France, pledged by the London treaty of October, 1861, between France, Spain, and England, and repeatedly assured to the Federal Government through the American Minister in Paris. The resolutions further declare, that it is the duty of the Federal Government to require the withdrawal of the French forces, and now and always to lend such aid to Mexico as is required to prevent armed European intervention in her political affairs. President Lincoln is requested to communicate to the Mexican Government the views expressed by Congress, and to negotiate a treaty with Mexico.

The intelligence from Mexico is to the 20th December; the French troops were at Palmar, thirty miles from La Puebla, and the Mexicans were preparing to fight them. One of the Mexican generals, however, had committed suicide; and it was also reported that there was a serious misunderstanding between Generals Ortega and Comonfort, and that numerous desertions from the Mexican garrison at La Puebla were taking place. A conspiracy had been discovered in the brigade of General O'Horan, and five Mexican officers were shot. 35,000 Mexican troops were at La Puebla, and 10,000 more between there and the capital. There were 12,000 troops at the capital, 8,000 in Queretaro, and 12,000 in Guerrero, mostly badly armed. The fortifications of La Puebla are mounted with 200 guns, and those of the city of Mexico with a like number. The latest rumour is that the French were encamped at La Puebla, and were disposing their forces for an attack on the city. 3,500 French soldiers are leaving Cherbourg for Mexico; 1,600 are embarking at Algiers for the same destination, besides 300 Arabs for the baggage service. Some disappointment is felt at the little progress yet made by General Forey.

The most conflicting reports continue to be received of the progress of the revolt in Poland, and of the measures adopted by the Russian Government to suppress and scatter the bands of men in arms throughout the kingdom. On the one hand the Government reports assert that but little opposition to the troops is now met with, while independent sources of information allege that large bodies of insurgents are still assembled, and that the revolt is spreading. It appears that the most numerous and best organized bands, and those which give the Russian troops most trouble, are in the vicinity of the town of Wouchotzk. They amount to about 3,000 persons, and are described as resolute and well armed. This force has been furnished by the inhabitants of the two towns of Schildolowicz and Bodzentyn, and by the workmen of the mines. It is commanded by an officer of artillery, M. Langiewitch. Another band, equally well organized and armed, is on the Vistula, in the neighbourhood of the town of Casimir. It consists of about 2,000 men. Besides these there are twenty other bands, less numerous, but composed of energetic men, resolved to risk everything, in the direction of Ostrolenka and of Brzeslitewski, and in the mountain of St. Croix. These bands are encamped in the forests, ready to offer a desperate resistance to any attack. The Russian troops are concentrated in the largest towns, and watch the great roads of communication. It is alleged that a considerable corps of insurgents of the Government of Augustow has passed the frontier of the empire and penetrated into Lithuania, where it is swollen by all the refractory spirits of the country. If this movement should extend to the provinces of Lithuania, Podolia, and Volhynia, the state of affairs will be serious. The citadel of Warsaw is said to contain 14,000 prisoners taken in open insurrection. We have descriptions from various parts of obstinate encounters between the Russian troops and the insurgents, with varying results. It is reported that at the village of Surage a battalion of nearly 2,000 Russian troops was put to flight by an armed band of Poles. At Bodzentyn the soldiers were also defeated, men and women attacking them with poignards, revolvers, and carbines. The garrisons at several other places have been disarmed. It is, however, to be observed, that no large town is in the hands of the insurgents, and that, in most instances, they would not stand the fire of the troops, but dispersed after the first volley, and fled to hide themselves in the forests. They stopped the railway trains for some days, on the line from Petersburg to Warsaw; but the regular communication is re-established. Many of the insurgents, who have been taken prisoners, state that they were compelled to take part in the revolt. All those who were brought before courts-martial declared the Roman Catholic clergy to have been the principal instigators of the insurrection. The "National Polish Committee" now issue printed orders and appeals. They summon all inhabitants of the land capable of bearing arms to take part in the revolt, and threaten those who oppose their orders with the severest punishment. They proclaim equality for all, promise the peasants land without rent, and state that they will pay the present owners out of the national funds. They also promise all who fight for freedom 100 acres of crown land, and they repeal all ukases and orders of the "foreign rulers." A clerical member of the Provisional Government has preached a sermon from the text, Joel ii. 20—"I will remove far from you the northern

army." Yet the Russian army in Poland amounts to 80,000 or 90,000 men, in addition to which the Grand Duke Constantine has asked the Emperor for 50,000 or 60,000 more.

The debate on the address in the French Senate was marked by a speech from M. Thouvenel, late Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the Roman question, in which he plainly declared that this was "the black spot in the horizon" of the Imperial policy, and that the French military occupation of Rome could not, by the law of nations, be allowed to continue. Though he did not admit that the Italians had a right to claim Rome as their capital, he would maintain that the Romans had a right to be governed in conformity with their own wishes, and they were unanimously for the transformation of the Pope's temporal power. There was no appearance of the concessions indispensable for reconciling the Pope with his subjects; and the time had now come when it was urgent for the Emperor's government to escape from this embarrassment, and to put an end to the disorder in the public mind. Prince Napoleon alone in the Senate voted against the address, the majority being 121 in its favour. Still more important is the debate in the Corps Législatif, which has begun upon a series of bold amendments moved by the few Liberal members of the Opposition. One of them demands the liberty of the press, and complains, in most out-spoken language, of the arbitrary practices of the Government, contradicting all its professions since the decree of November 24th, 1861. Another amendment disapproves of the Mexican expedition, as a rash and wanton adventure, since neither the interests of France nor any sound principles oblige her to "go and see what form of government the Mexicans desire." A third amendment declares that the French occupation of Rome must not continue, and that, on the principles of non-intervention and national sovereignty, the Romans should be left to settle their own affairs. Other amendments complain of the mode in which the electoral districts and the registration of voters are tampered with by Government; as well as the denial of an elective municipal council to Paris and Lyons, and the penal laws with respect to the trades-unions of working men.

We stated, last week, that the Prussian Chamber of Deputies had, by a majority of four or five to one, passed an address to the Crown, protesting against the late encroachments of royal prerogative. The King has refused to grant an audience to the parliamentary deputation which was to present this address. The Finance Minister has, in the mean time, laid before the Chamber an account of the extraordinary expenditure which Government has illegally incurred in excess of the estimates of the last budget which Parliament voted. An attempt is being made by fifty members of the Upper House, belonging to different political parties, to mediate between the Crown and the Chamber of Deputies, by means of a conciliatory address.

The new King of Greece is not, it seems, yet found; the Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, whose name has been hailed with much approval by the Greeks residing in London, as expressed in an address they have sent to the Provisional Government at Athens, has now made up his mind to decline the proffered royalty; the Greek National Assembly has, meanwhile, decreed that the throne is forfeited by Otho's dynasty, and that Prince Alfred is the elected king.

The debate on the Address in both Houses of Parliament turned chiefly on our foreign policy. Lord Derby had no fault to find with the conduct of Government in respect to the American war, and he did not agree with some of his friends that the time had come to recognize the South. He ridiculed Lord Russell's advice to Denmark on the Schleswig-Holstein question, and, still more, his offering an asylum to the Pope at Malta; he seriously disapproved of ceding the Ionian Islands to Greece as a most imprudent and suicidal act. The Earl of Malmesbury thought it was wrong not to join in the French mediation in America, and he had been much astonished by the behaviour of our Ministers with regard to Denmark, the Pope, the throne of Greece, and the Ionian Isles. Earl Russell defended his own acts. He would be glad to see the American Union restored, if possible, but not through the subjugation of the South by the North; whether as one great Republic, or two great Republics, he wished the Americans to enjoy peace and freedom. The proposal he had made to Denmark was to put an end to a vexatious quarrel which might bring on a European war. It was not so very unnatural that a simple offer of English hospitality should be made to the Pope, who had taken it in friendly part. The Ionian Isles were, by the treaty of 1815, not a British possession, but a protected State, and if the Ionians wished for union with Greece, we should not keep them in subjection. Our policy was to favour the establishment of free and independent nations.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Disraeli, approving of our non-interference in America, censured, individually, two or three of the Cabinet,—Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Milner Gibson, for having, in their conflicting speeches up and down the country, departed from a wise reserve on that question. He wanted to know what Mr. Gladstone meant by approving, at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, the employment of British officers to fight for the Tartar dynasty in China. The reduction of our naval and military expenditure was inconsistent with "a sensation policy." Touching very lightly on Schleswig-Holstein, the Roman question, and the incredible news from Brazil, he passed to the inconsistency of our ostentatious patronage of the Turkish empire, in the Montenegro despatches, with our coquetry about the throne of Greece,

followed by the cession of the Ionian Islands, encouraging future aggressions on Turkey. Nothing could be a greater absurdity, and he hoped that our Mediterranean possessions were not to be sacrificed to the whim of "prigs and pedants" like Mr. Goldwin Smith. After several of the Irish Papal and ultra-Tory members had had their say, Lord Palmerston rose to repel the blame cast upon him for "his mellow harvest of autumnal indiscretions." As for China, the interests of our trade required the suppression of those murderous robbers the Taepings, and Englishmen had, therefore, been allowed to enlist in the Chinese Government's service. Our friendly suggestions to settle the dispute between Denmark and Germany, though unsuccessful, had done no harm. There had been no delay in setting aside the offer of the Greek throne to Prince Alfred. To give up the Ionian Isles, which were not British territory, would be a wise measure, a just and generous example. It was the Pope himself who had asked Mr. Odo Russell whether, if he were driven from Rome, he would be received in England; what could we answer but that he was welcome to reside at Malta? He believed the recent dispute with Brazil would be arranged by a satisfactory understanding. He hoped that Greece would prosper, and that the Turkish empire would not be disturbed. Sir George Bowyer then having then spoken for the Pope, and Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald for Lord Malmesbury, the address was agreed to, without any division.

The Reigate election has returned Mr. W. L. Gower, a large landowner in Surrey, by a majority of 344 against 335 over Mr. Wilkinson, the late Member for Lambeth; Mr. Gower is a moderate Liberal.

Reviews of Books.

DANIEL MANIN.*

"I AM asked," said Cavour, "by what means we are to settle the Venetian question? In a very simple way; by bringing about a change in the opinion of Europe. And when that is done, we shall be on the eve of the deliverance of Venice; but whether that deliverance be wrought by arms or by negotiations, Providence alone will decide." When Europe should see a powerful and united Italy, having both the will and the might to strike a terrible blow for the deliverance of her captive children, and when the last hope of reconciling the Austrian dominion with national aspirations had been extinguished, Austria would, as Cavour predicted, be left with none to support her occupation of Venice. So long, then, as men are found who only half believe that the love of independence burns with an inextinguishable fire in the breasts of the Venetians, or that they are a people worthy of freedom, it is well to keep alive the memory of their deeds in 1848; and therefore we welcome an English translation of Henri Martin's "Daniel Manin and Venice in 1848-49." Constant have been the changes of scenes and actors in these stirring times, and the events of 1848-49 already seem remote and dim; but of all the things done in the two memorable years, none were worthier of a deathless fame than the struggle of the Venetians to retain their short-lived independence.

Never since the world began has there been seen such another city and state as Venice. In her history, no less than in her site and architecture, she has been unique. For eleven hundred years the ivory sceptre passed from doge to doge, and thirteen centuries of freedom were abruptly closed by the infamous treaty of Campo-Formio, which laid the Austrian yoke upon her neck. That iron yoke she long had borne groaning, but for the most part passive, when the accession of Pius IX. awoke all Italy from a troubled sleep. This, however, is not the place to tell of the chequered course of the great national movement—its mingled glory and shame—its hopeful faith and shattered idols; but of that both sweet and bitter cup Venice drank deep. "The story,"—we quote from Mr. Butt's introduction,—"*in its main features is a short one.* On the 22nd March, 1848, the population of Venice expelled the Austrian garrison, and Venice was again free. On the 22nd August, 1849, the beleaguered city was compelled to yield to the overwhelming force that invested her, and the Austrian power was once more throughout Italy supreme." Thus, after more than half a century of servitude, Venice was free for seventeen months; and for the last five of those months—when Piedmont had been crushed at Novara, and the Pope and the King of Naples had become renegades to the national cause—she bore alone the undivided attack of Radetzky's forces. Her lagoons were the last sanctuary of Italian liberty, and there it was defended with a desperate heroism that won the reluctant admiration of her sternest foes. On the sea-side lay a blockading fleet, and along the land extended the encircling lines of the besiegers' batteries. Shut out from all the world, thinned by the ravages of cholera, and bombarded night and day with a ceaseless shower of projectiles which spared no age or sex,—a people accounted among the most effeminate in Europe still fought on when all hope of succour from without was gone, and were hardly induced to capitulate when the last store of provisions was exhausted. Rarer even than their courage were the self-restraint and moderation of the Venetians throughout this hard ordeal. They had passed at one bound from under a foreign yoke into absolute independence, and their Government—improvised for the hour—was itself the creature of a revolution; yet never for a moment was there anarchy among them, nor were they

* Daniel Manin and Venice in 1848-49. By Henri Martin. Translated by Charles Martel. With an Introduction by Isaac Butt, Q.C., M.P. C. J. Skeet.

hurried into a single excess that requires the condonation which is conceded to the stormy hours of revolution and warfare. The Venetian Republic of 1848-49 lived and died without a stain upon its escutcheon; and this it owed to the wisdom and the virtues of its leader, Daniel Manin. It is but a little more than five years since the exiled patriot died in a wretched lodging in Paris, poor, desolate, and broken-hearted; and even now his name has faded out of remembrance in England. And yet, in truth, it would not be easy to find in history the record of a nobler or a sadder life.

This man, who upon a memorable scene "nothing common did or mean," was a Venetian lawyer of Jewish extraction; and though every avenue to fame in his profession was closed by the jealousy and fears of the Austrians, he had distinguished himself even in early youth by his studies of jurisprudence and philology. From the cradle to the grave, life was to him one long disease. "The act of living," as he once wrote, "has been to me from childhood an effort and a pain. I always feel weary;" and to his own sufferings fresh poignancy was added by the misfortunes of his country. Yet born and bred as he had been in an atmosphere of implacable animosity both against the Austrians and the French, and eaten up by the fire of outraged patriotism, his feelings never misled his sagacious judgment. Both from reason and from instinct he abhorred assassination, and with the clear eye of a statesman born, he saw the folly of *émutes* and partial insurrections. His only hope of deliverance lay in a great uprising of the whole nation, and for this he trained the Lombards and the Venetians by teaching them to act together in legal opposition to the Austrian Government. For boldly demanding reforms, and the fulfilment of the promises which Austria had given in 1815, he was thrown into prison; and from that prison he was freed by a revolution at Vienna, to become the chief of the Venetian Republic. And such was the ascendancy that he exercised upon the hearts of his countrymen from the first to the last hour of their independence, that a few words from him sufficed to allay the rising passions of agitated crowds, to kindle hope and inflexible resolution; and (what was the hardest of all) to effect a capitulation when further resistance to the enemy would have been suicidal madness. On the night preceding the entrance of the Austrians into the city, the people passed and repassed under the windows of his humble dwelling saying to each other, in forgetfulness of their own sorrows,—"Here lives our poor father! How much he has suffered for us!" And now that he lies in a foreign grave, he still is known to his countrymen as "Il Padre," and his spotless name is a charm through the length and breadth of Northern Italy.

"The principles," says M. Martin, "from which he regarded himself as bound never to depart, were these—justice and order within, inflexible firmness without. No negotiations with Austria to be entertained—the attempts at peaceful reform had proved useful in preparing the revolution—but the revolution once come, all negotiation would be but a snare—every promise made by Austria would be infallibly violated. Any arrangement which would recognize the least right whatever in Austria over Italy would bring back foreign tyranny. Strict union with the various Italian States, whatever their form of government, provided they co-operated in the war of independence, and until an Italian Representative Assembly had decided the organization of the Peninsula. A particularly intimate union with Lombardy—sister to Venice both in their bondage and in their deliverance. An appeal to the French alliance, which followed of necessity from the resolve never to make terms with Austria."

Had Manin not been fettered in his policy by the union of the Lombardo-Venetian provinces to Piedmont, he would have made an early appeal to the French Republic for an armed intervention in Italy. From the very beginning he had foreseen the magnitude and the dangers of the effort to expel the Austrians from Italy, and he never echoed the fatal "*Farà da sé*" of Charles Albert and Mazzini. It would seem that if Charles Albert had called on M. Lamartine's government, in the name of Italy, for the aid of French arms, the call would not have been made in vain; but to this measure Charles Albert had a strong repugnance. He loved his country and he hated the Austrians, but he shrank from the thought of seeing the soldiers of another French Republic pass the Alps and descend into the plains of Italy. Once before they had come under the guise of friends and deliverers, and had left some bitter recollections behind them. Moreover, the French Republic made no secret of its intention to claim the annexation of Savoy as the price of its assistance. As soon, however, as Venice had been deserted by Piedmont, and Manin was free to follow his own counsels, he appealed to Cavaignac for an armed intervention; but then it was too late. A change had come over the spirit of the French revolution, and Cavaignac told the Venetian envoy that France was not in a condition to go to war, though Venice had her warmest sympathies. All the influence, too, of the English Government was employed to avert an armed French intervention. England was, of course, bound to uphold the treaties of 1815; and though Lord Palmerston, who was then Foreign Minister, would probably have rejoiced to see the Austrians driven out of Italy by the unaided efforts of the Italians, no English statesman could encourage a proposal which would let loose a French Republic in arms, possibly to propagate socialist opinions and kindle the conflagration of a great European war. So it came to pass that Venice was abandoned by all. "I had reckoned," wrote Manin in 1853, "upon the support of France. Events cheated my hope; I may then have been deceived; and yet, in spite of the long history of our misfortunes, in spite of the events of 1848 and 1849, and in spite of subsequent events, I have not renounced—I cannot renounce—this illusion! We have shown ourselves worthy of the

independence for which we have proved, and still prove, that we can fight and die; we have proved, and still prove, that we can govern ourselves; we have enjoyed liberty without falling into anarchy. Well then, sir, I reckon always on France as one brother reckons on the brotherly aid of another." This hope he did not live to see fulfilled.

On the 27th of August, 1849, while the Austrians were deploying through the silent and deserted streets, a French man-of-war bore away Manin and his family, and the civil and military leaders of Venice. All that Manin possessed he had thrown into the Revolution. "I sacrificed everything to it," he said, "considering it impossible for me to survive its failure. I never thought of reserving for myself or my family, in the event of misfortune overtaking us, a chance of safety, an asylum, or even the means of subsistence. I did not even think of supplying myself with notes or documents to defend my name against the accusations I might have to endure." Throughout his dictatorship he had supported himself and his family on the proceeds of a work on jurisprudence, and a small legacy bequeathed by a sister; and he would have quitted Venice a penniless exile, if the impoverished municipality of the city had not forced him to accept £800 as a little token of their gratitude for his priceless services. Misfortune dogged him hard. On the very day of his departure from Venice died his most intimate friend, counsellor, and secretary; and the exiled family had no sooner landed at Marseilles than Madame Manin, a wife worthy of Manin, was attacked with cholera, to which her exhausted frame rapidly succumbed. Manin, with his son and daughter, went on to Paris, where they took up their abode in a mean and gloomy lodging. Determined to accept no pecuniary aid from private friends, he found a slender source of subsistence in teaching Italian; and then was seen the spectacle of a man, born to govern and to lead, toiling through the streets of Paris in all weathers, and when almost suffocated with the attacks of a heart complaint, to teach some child the rudiments of a foreign tongue. The disease of the heart was not the most painful malady from which he suffered, but the cause of this, says M. Martin, "was the same as that which excited its development. It was the domestic grief which embittered his life, the frightful condition of his beloved daughter." This daughter had been through life tortured by a disease which defied all medical skill. The father's whole being was bound up in hers. "From the time she was five years old," he said, "I perceived that we understood each other." Sharing all his hopes and fears, and loving Italy with a love as ardent as his own, she had become to him the living image of his afflicted country; and for her judgment he had almost a superstitious reverence. In January, 1854, died Emilia Manin, entreating her father's forgiveness for the pain that the sight of her sufferings caused him, and murmuring for a last adieu, "Dear Venice! I shall see thee no more." His daughter gone, Manin's whole heart and mind were devoted to the Italian cause for the brief remnant of his unhappy life. His keen and practised eye fathomed at a glance the bold and far-seeing policy which induced Piedmont to join the Allies in the Crimean war, and to that act he gave the heartiest support. "In serving under the tricoloured flag of Italian redemption," he wrote, "the soldiers who fight in the Crimea are not the soldiers of the Piedmontese province, but the soldiers of Italy." From that hour he accepted Piedmont as the leader of the national regeneration. Till then he had been a consistent Republican and Federalist, but he possessed, like his great compatriot, Cavour, the faculty of abandoning personal preferences for what was practically possible; and thus it was that, after the Crimean war, he exerted all his influence in advocating an united Italy with a constitutional monarch in the person of the King of Sardinia. "As a thinker and *à priori*," he declared, "I believe that a Republic is the best of governments; and that the exercise of liberty is greater and surer under a Federal form. As a politician, I seek to discover what is practically possible. . . . I accept the monarchy, provided it be unitarian. I accept the House of Savoy, provided it concurs loyally and effectually to make Italy; that is to say, to render her *one and independent*. If not, no!" "When the great battle of national freedom begins, she (Piedmont) must resolutely take part, and not lay down the sword before Italy is made; risking without hesitation the loss of the throne of Piedmont, to conquer the throne of Italy." The beginning of the end Manin did not live to see, for he died in September, 1857, at the early age of fifty-three. And now husband, wife, and daughter, sleep side by side in the vault of Ary Scheffer, awaiting the hour when Venice shall no longer be forbidden to utter a prayer for the soul of Daniel Manin, and shall take to herself the mortal remains of her noblest citizen and martyr.

LES MATINÉES ROYALES.*

THE most complete exposition of the ethics of absolutism is to be found in the "*Matinées Royales, ou l'Art de Régner*," said to be from the hand of Frederick the Great, which has recently been re-published, and supported by new proofs of genuineness. Copies of it have long been in circulation, and several editions more or less imperfect have from time to time appeared and been met by indignant refutations or contemptuous disregard. Germany has never failed to rise as one man to condemn it as a malicious fabrication, probably directed by the *parti prêtre* against "the bulwark of Protestantism." The editors of the Berlin edition of Frederick's

* *Les Matinées Royales, ou l'Art de Régner*. Opuscule inédit de Frédéric II., dit le Grand, Roi de Prusse. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate. 1863.

works refused to admit it. Mr. Carlyle, in the first volume of his history, emphatically warned all readers against it, as a rock on which they were not unlikely to make shipwreck, and expressed the utmost contempt for the performance itself, and for all who believed it to be genuine. The controversy has generally been confined to little more than an appeal to preconceived opinions. If you accept this absurd satire, say the worshippers, you show either malignity or a superficial knowledge of Frederick's character. Your judgment is bribed, says the other side, and you argue in a patriotic but vicious circle. But some new facts have lately come to light, which more forcibly bring the authorship of the "*Matinées*" home to the King. The arguments for their genuineness, as they now stand, may be briefly stated. They are, first, common fame and the purport of the book; secondly, a note of M. Nadault de Buffon, editor of the great Buffon's correspondence, who states that Buffon received a copy of the work in question through his son from the King himself, and quotes from unpublished papers of Buffon's secretary, M. Humbert-Bazile, a passage in which Buffon is represented as mentioning this manuscript of the King of Prussia; and thirdly, an assertion that the present edition is taken from a copy made by the Baron de Méneval, Napoleon's secretary, who "must have been acquainted" with Frederick's hand, from an autograph found by him at Sans-Souci, in 1806. On this last point there are differences between the believers in the pamphlet, to which we shall recur. On the other side, the King's indignant disclaimer in the *Hamburg and Altona Gazette* is first alleged as conclusive. An attempt is made to fix the authorship on a M. Bonneville or other persons. Dr. Preuss asserts that no copy in the King's autograph does, did, or ever could have existed. Professor Ranke points out a blunder in the fifth *Matinée*, where Frederick is made to speak as if he had first doubled the army which he found, and spent years in drill, and only then turned his attention to Silesia, whereas, in reality, he attacked Silesia about seven months after his accession. Lastly, Mr. Carlyle, Ranke, and Preuss, declare that the style and the thoughts of the *Matinées* are utterly unlike those of Frederick's known works and letters. To these replies the *Home and Foreign Reviewer* answers, that it was a matter of course that the King should disclaim the work, whether or not it was really his; that Thiébault, who is the authority for the story of Bonneville, is utterly untrustworthy, whilst the Germanisms of the *Matinées* prove that they could not have been written by a Frenchman; that there is evidence of a positive kind from the Baron de Méneval and Buffon, and negative from the preface to the Berlin edition, that there were copies in the King's autograph; that the inaccuracies, of which Professor Ranke has given only one specimen, disprove the supposition of an able forger, but are consistent with careless writing after a long interval of years; and that the last reply begs the question, and is, besides, upset by Thiébault's admission that Frederick probably said in conversation some of the things contained in the *Matinées*. The reviewer further remarks, that Dr. Preuss cannot be trusted, since he garbled Frederick's correspondence with Catherine, so as to place him in a favourable light; and that Professor Ranke has in other cases rejected works which are genuine.

The question cannot be settled without a stricter investigation of the history of the manuscripts. It is of course difficult to admit the genuineness of so damaging a work in the face of the verdict of such authorities as Carlyle and Ranke, and of Frederick's affectionate and generous letters to Suhm. But both Carlyle and Ranke have treated the work so slightly and contemptuously, that we cannot feel full confidence in their judgment. On the other hand, two *Matinées* mentioned in the Berlin collection are not accounted for, and not only is there no account given of how the existing ones have been handed down from Méneval, and no sufficient proof of the whole story of his connection with them, but a totally different statement has appeared of the way in which they came to light. It is said that it was Savary, Duke of Rovigo, who stole the manuscript from Sans Souci, that the manuscript itself was probably destroyed at Savary's death, and that the present edition is apparently a very imperfect transcript of a copy taken from it. But even this account strengthens the general argument, for it declares that the manuscript was satisfactorily proved to be an autograph of the King. On the whole the evidence is in favour of the view that the *Matinées* are the work of Frederick. No other claim can be supported, and the positive testimony of M. Nadault de Buffon must outweigh the far less direct arguments on the other side.

If this pamphlet is from the hand of Frederick, it sets him on a solitary eminence far above all the professors and learners of kingcraft, and materially modifies the received notions of his character. He can no longer be regarded either as a Mithridates-Trissotin, or as a solid Veracity. Many of the foibles by which we seemed to understand him best, and most of the few traits which seemed to redeem him, lose their colour and reality, and appear as parts of a deliberate policy which recognised no end except absolute power, and advanced towards that without any consideration of religion, morality, or mercy. The ordinary conception of him is made up of the central fact of his military greatness, overlaid and obscured by a multitude of undignified caprices. His toleration and his scepticism, his shabby coat and starved envoys, his habits of interference with law, of snubbing lawyers, and coquetting with literary men; his low tastes and poetical ambition, lie about without connection or relation to his heroism, capable of being twisted either way. But this publication affects them as a magnet affects particles of steel-dust lying about on a sheet of paper. At its approach they

fly at once into an ordered system. Before, his crimes might have seemed the vagaries of madness; now, his weaknesses are the crimes of a great political genius. His intellectual character gains immeasurably, whilst his moral character loses all that it had to lose. But for these confessions of dissimulation, he would have counterfeited only too well, and would have been remembered as a heroic fool. Now he is not only abundantly redeemed from folly and inconsistency, but proved to have possessed the deepest insight and the most practical judgment. His theories are not the theories of a doctrinaire. They are not, like the Napoleonic Ideas, an unverified moral drawn from another man's practice, but the principles of a king who first solved the problem in practice, and then formularised it into a theorem. This gives an air of practical reality to the most astounding revelation of the ideas of absolutism, "naked yet not ashamed," which the world has ever seen.

The "*Matinées Royales*," or Art of Reigning, is in five parts. The first describes the origin and condition of the kingdom of Prussia; the two next consider the policy of a ruler who wishes to be absolute, towards religion and law; and the two last give rules for his policy in reference to his subjects and to other states. They were composed by Frederick for the instruction of his nephew. He first points out that the morality of a king is to get what he can, and to keep it. It was not to any virtues which they may have had the advantage of possessing that the princes of the house of Brandenburg owed their rise. Within the State, he proceeds, religion and law are the most dangerous elements of resistance. Religion is useful amongst the people, and even absolutely necessary, as a moral restraint. But nothing must be allowed, which might weaken their allegiance or cause divisions. Therefore it would be well to do away with all mysteries and priestcraft, and to compel all religious denominations to surrender their most distinctive tenets, each giving up whatever is offensive to any other. The one absolute necessity is that men shall live and die at peace. For the sake of this tranquillity all must be made to lie straight, but with this limitation, each must be allowed to worship in his own way. Frederick William had formed a project for fusing all sects into one, and engaged a writer to ridicule all the saints and all the mysteries, and Frederick himself adopted and developed the plan. "Comme il faut un culte je ferai paraître, si je vis, quelque homme qui en prêchera un. D'abord j'aurais l'air de vouloir le persécuter; mais peu à peu je me déclarerai son défenseur, et j'embrasserai avec chaleur son système." This eclectic religion, we are told, was actually framed. Voltaire wrote the preamble, which disproved all existing religious doctrines, and drew a portrait of each sect, "avec une liberté qui ressemble à la pure vérité." D'Alembert and Maupertuis composed the positive part, with such precision that it seemed that they must have begun by believing it themselves. Rousseau had been for four years engaged in answering all possible objections, and at least thirty reflections had been prepared on every important point in the Bible. Lastly, D'Argens and Voltaire had planned a council, of which Frederick was to be president, and which was to be composed of a representative of each religion and four deputies from each province, two noble and two of the *tiers état*. As for the king himself, "il faut penser selon le rang que l'on occupe." Religion interferes both with passions and with great political ideas and the exigencies of war. The true religion of kings is the interests of man and their own glory. Law, again, is necessary between subjects, who become attached to the king by having justice secured to them. But between him and them there is no law. Nothing is so dangerous as the existence of a system of laws independent of the king, and lawyers who take their stand on equity, while they profess for him a profound legal respect. The remedy is to make a new code under colour of straightening and simplifying the tortuous and slow ways of justice. Frederick had often reflected on the comparative advantages of a constitutional and an absolute government. The first is more secure for a good man, who can afford to let his actions be daily weighed; the second is the only one for a great and ambitious man. In the last two sections he discourses on politics. "La politique" is a euphemism for duping others. A king's object in alliances is to get for himself the whole advantage, and it is the grossest folly not to break them off when that is advantageous. Next follow the rules which Frederick had observed in his attitude towards his people. He declares that every action and every apparently whimsical eccentricity was dictated by policy, and had two sides. There was a noble simplicity in his ordering his own dinner; but there was also the practical advantage that he knew the best products of each district. A perpetual air of fatigue and an uncombed wig showed a mind absorbed in the welfare of the subject. He had a German cook and plain food for public occasions, and a French cook, whose office was no sinecure, for his private chambers, with a bed close to the table, to which he could reel unseen when tipsy. If he wore a shabby overcoat, he had good clothes beneath, and laughed in his sleeve at those who commiserated his frugality. The part which is most curious is that in which he analyzes his conduct towards literary men. "I have done everything I could," he says, "to gain a literary reputation. . . . But, between ourselves, they are a cursed race, these *beaux esprits*. They are a tribe insufferably vain, proud, despisers of the great, and covetous of greatness; tyrannical in opposition, implacable enemies, inconstant friends, hard dealers, often flattering and satirical the same day. . . . But they distribute honour, and are indispensable for fame." Drill was another means which he used to fix the eyes of Europe. He drilled, and glorified drilling, till "tout le monde se crut perdu, si l'on ne savait pas remuer les bras, les pieds, et la tête à la Prussienne." At the end of the fourth *Matinée* he sums up the

principles of the whole in a few pithy words:—"Croyez, mon cher neveu, que l'homme est toujours livré à ses passions, que l'amour-propre fait toute sa gloire, et que toutes ses vertus ne sont appuyées que sur son intérêt et sur son ambition. Voulez-vous passer pour un héros? Approchez hardiment du crime. Voulez-vous passer pour un sage? Contre-faites vous avec art." "A veracious man," says Mr. Carlyle, "he was, at all points; not even conscious of his veracity; but had it in the blood of him; and never looked upon 'mendacity' but from a very great height indeed. . . . You will never find him expressing what is not his meaning. Reticence, not dissimulation. And as to 'finesse,' do not believe in that either."

Such, if we accept the "Matinées Royales" as genuine, was Frederick's ideal of that philosophic royalty, of which it was his fancy to be called the representative. It goes beyond Machiavellism. There is in Machiavelli an element of casuistry which is a tacit recognition of possible virtue, and we are often told that this or that is praiseworthy, though it is not expedient. But the "Matinées Royales" expressly deny all obligation or conceivability of obligation except political expediency. It must be remembered, also, that whilst Machiavelli is in part a theorist, the king is describing what he actually practised. One deduction must be made from this. It is necessary to allow for the exaggeration which is incident to all confessions of motives and policy. Systems which are the result of a life's experience, are easily reflected backwards and represented as having had a larger share than they have really had, in consciously prompting action. Frederick learnt dissimulation in his youth, but it was probably only in middle life that he was baited into the cynicism of the confessions, and he may easily have had less clear ideas of policy at his accession than he afterwards believed. There is also another exaggeration of a different kind into which he falls, that, namely, of overrating the amount of security and power which is attainable by his expedients. For the time many things, the continuance of which could not be counted on, combined to assure his seat. Prussia was a country without any public opinion, and its very existence had become identified with military force, whilst invasions and the necessities of defence had weakened the natural authority of law and the right of personal freedom, and substituted for them a habit of acquiescence in order. All this might not have lasted. Besides, absolutism may be easily overstrained. It is the one ground of hope for enslaved nations, that tyrants sometimes forget the boundaries of possibility and venture too far. There cannot be a better instance than Frederick's almost humorously impossible idea of a bureau or a parliament of theology. Supposing the Lutherans had refused to give up their "disputes," the Calvinists their "titres," the Romanists their priests, and the priests their celibacy, how would that "unique happiness" of peace have been secured? Would he have still said, *die Religionen müssen alle Tolleheit werden*, in his barbarous German? Would he have married the priests by force? He must be regarded as ignorant, from contempt, of the strength of the strongest motives which pull the limbs of "subjects." On the other hand, it is equally open to his admirers to take these palpable defects and exaggerations as proofs that "The Art of Reigning" is a malicious and transparent fabrication.

MR. STORY'S "ROME."*

To have seen Rome is the crown of a liberal education; but he who sees it must bring an instructed mind, as well as eager eyes. This spectacle, for its true contemplation, requires some faculties beyond the mere taste for picturesque confusion of scenery, or for the marvels of plastic and pictorial art. It requires an imagination prepared by historical studies to comprehend "the Eternal city," as the monument of two completed phases of the world's civilization,—a breadth of intelligence, as well as a warmth of sympathy, capable of embracing those vast human interests which were once centred in the Empire and the Papacy of ages past. It requires, finally, in the daylight of the present time, a clear perception that the former things, of which Roman majesty was the symbol, have virtually passed away; that by the new political and religious conditions of Europe, the city of the Tiber is designated for the seat of a modern kingdom, and not of a universal dominion. It requires, in short, that we should look to her possible future as the capital of Italy, undazzled by the mystic splendour of her Imperial or her Papal reign. When thus viewed by the heirs of European culture, scholars of classical literature, disciples of Western Christianity, Rome will be to them still radiant with bright and glowing recollections; while, to the believers in social progress, to those who have faith in their own age, Rome displays plain tokens of the decay and approaching downfall of an obsolete temporal and spiritual despotism, which must soon give place to national unity and to civil and religious freedom. Such are the considerations most likely now to occur to a thoughtful English visitor in Rome.

But it is difficult for the ordinary tourist to spare time for reflection amidst all the bustle of inspecting the churches, the palaces, the galleries, the studios, the ruins, and the catacombs, besides attending the afternoon carriage parade on Monte Pincio, and the evening parties in the English quarter, which chiefly occupy the precious days of his sojourn in Rome. With all these distractions, and the imperative duty of hastily gazing at all the famous shows of the place, he is a resolute man who can pause to

gather up his thoughts of Rome, combining what he sees with that which he has read before. Let him do this, in an hour of pregnant meditation such as Gibbon enjoyed when "sitting among the ruins of the Capitol;" and then, if he possess a well stored and vigorous mind, he may see the majestic procession, as it were, of the successive powers, "which each the likeness of a kingly crown had on," setting forth in past centuries from Rome, to sway the destinies of mankind; and he may view this as a symbol of the substantial unity, beneath its various aspects, of that common life of Europe over whose development—first in its classical, and secondly in its mediæval stage—Rome has twice presided. These ideas freely enter the mind that is open to the intellectual influences which beset it at Rome; and no experience is more suggestive than this. But to how many of the thousands who yearly winter in Rome, is this moment of fruitful contemplation granted? *Non cuivis homini contigit adire Corinthum*; and of those who do go to lodge for a month in the Piazza di Spagna, and to lounge between the Colosseum and the Vatican, few perhaps are allowed by their leisure and by their habits of mind to indulge in historical reflections.

But if a single visit to Rome may be fraught with such opportunities of instruction, it is certainly worth our while to share the observations of an accomplished Englishman or American who has resided there for many years. Why is it, by the way, that several American writers have entered with singular fidelity into descriptions of Rome? In the vividness and fidelity of their local colouring, they have excelled whatever has lately been written by our own countrymen on this subject. Though no transatlantic poet has yet equalled the Roman stanzas of "Childe Harold," on the other hand, neither Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, nor any other of our novelists, has succeeded like Mr. Hawthorne in rendering our impressions, whether felt in an evening visit to the Colosseum, or, as a contrast, beneath the fair dome of St. Peter's, or in any of those other well-known scenes, where the sentiment which it is customary to experience nevertheless affects us as a surprise. Above all, no writer has succeeded like Mr. Hawthorne in diffusing through the whole atmosphere of his romance that peculiar breath of Modern Rome—that strange, sweet, perilous air, heavily laden, as it were, with the fragrance of living Italy mingled with the dank vapours of Rome's secular decay—the scent of flowers, the smoke of incense, the taint of pestilence, the hallowed dust of innumerable graves—an intoxicating air, to be inhaled with precaution, since for the mind, as for the body, there is a Roman fever infesting that clime.

Americans, therefore, of the educated and literary class, though probably less addicted than the English to Latin scholarship, yet usually taking an eager interest in the historical antiquities of the Old World, have done ample homage to the *genius loci* at Rome. Mr. Story, the artist whose fortunate creations of the Egyptian Queen and the Libyan Sibyl were esteemed among the noblest pieces of sculpture in our Great Exhibition last year, gives us, in these two volumes, the results of his long personal acquaintance with Rome. He tells us that in December, 1856, he returned for the third time to that "dear old city," and fixed his abode there. "No one lives long in Rome without loving it," is his confession; though it is probable that the same may be said of every other place by those most happily gifted in their constitution and circumstances who have long resided there. Yet it is undeniable that the charms of a Roman life, unfelt at first, do grow upon the mind after months, and even years, of sojourn at Rome, when curiosity has long ago been satiated, and when every object of artistic or antiquarian interest has been thoroughly explored. In a city which, by its ecclesiastic and despotic government, is jealously secluded from the general movement of the world, like the "still salt pool" of Tennyson's poem that but dimly overhears the plunging waves outside marking the onward tide-flow of human affairs, the over-sensitive or the over-refined, having lost the illusions, if not the faith and courage of their youth, may repose in the passive enjoyment of those pleasures which Rome can best afford,—the pleasures of memory, of fancy, and of taste. For the intellectual lotos-eater, unless he will go to finish his dream in Damascus, there is no spot like Rome, so long as, the Pope still reigning, and being impotent to change, Rome remains "a land where all things always seemed the same." We hasten to declare that Mr. Story is by no means one of those foreign residents in Rome who would selfishly, for the quieter and more exclusive gratification of their æsthetic tastes, prefer the continued suppression of her civil and national life. On the contrary, though he has forborne from set political dissertations, he freely expresses his opinion of the rottenness and inevitable ruin of the Pope's temporal government, as well as his contempt for the gross frauds and superstitions by which the Romish Church, at least in Italy and in France, is deformed. The whole tenor of his book about Rome, which in this respect we may compare to Mr. Adolphus Trollope's about Florence, is characterized by a cheerful, kindly sympathy with the popular life of the Italians. "Roba di Roma," which may be translated "Roman Matters," is a title not sufficiently precise for the contents of these two volumes, which might have been styled "Manners and Customs of the People at Rome." Mr. Story is indeed fully impressed with the considerations to which we have alluded, respecting the historical and monumental character of Rome. In his chapter on the Colosseum, and many incidental digressions, he opens that vein of meditative conjecture and inquiry about the Rome of past ages, which other and more learned investigators have perhaps nearly worked out; but his knowledge of Roman antiquities does not claim to be very accurate or profound. He blunders strangely, for instance, when he speaks of the site of the Ara Coeli as having

* Roba di Roma. By W. W. Story. In two volumes. Chapman & Hall.

been once occupied by the Temple of Venus and Rome. But these are not the points on which he invites us chiefly to consult him, and we must not, therefore, bear too hardly on the manifest defects of his erudition, though his etymology of *primavera* as "the first true thing," i.e., the spring of the year, does strike us as supremely ridiculous. It is much pleasanter to thank him for the really valuable additions he has made to our acquaintance with the social life and domestic habits of the actual Roman population. The scenes which have grown so familiar to him, and of which he has grown so fond, in his thoughtful and observant rambles through the bye-streets and market-places of the city, or along the high-ways of the Campagna, are depicted in these pleasant volumes with a graphic power, and a hearty human sympathy, not surpassed by any author of those local sketches in Italy which have been abundantly produced of late. The cheap theatres, one of which, in the open air, is held in the Mausoleum of Divus Augustus, where clowns and harlequins now tumble in a pantomime, or brisk comedians recite a laughable farce,—the puppet-shows, the street musicians, the wandering mummers, the eternal beggars, including that renowned old cripple Beppo, who claims a personal friendship with every visitor to Rome,—the coffee-houses and wine-shops, with their habitual guests, and all the apparatus for eating and drinking in places of vulgar resort,—the whole physiognomy of retail trade in such crowded markets as those of the Piazza Navona and the Pantheon,—the romantic attire and simple habits of the peasantry, whose waggons, drawn by superb white oxen, encumber the neighbourhood of the Forum,—the popular festivals, half-Catholic, half-Pagan in their origin, which afford tumultuous recreation to an ignorant, though not a morose or vicious race,—the ceremonies of birth, baptism, betrothal, marriage, and burial, which attend on the individual existence of the Romans,—these are Mr. Story's favourite themes. One of his best and fullest chapters is devoted to a minute account of all the games commonly played at Rome, from which it is evident that in sports with a ball, requiring much athletic strength and hardihood, the vaunted prowess of our English cricket-players is fairly matched. Another chapter is occupied with the Ghetto, or Jewish quarter, which has, however, been frequently described by previous writers. In general, he has refrained from dwelling upon those features of Rome and Roman life which others have already depicted, and especially from descanting on topics which belong to the domain of the fine arts. Those hackneyed praises of the Laocoon, the Apollo Belvedere, the Dying Gladiator, and the pictures of Raffaele, which greet us in every book of Italian travel, are excluded here. With the church ceremonials and observances he meddles no more than to discuss their influence on the morality and intelligence of the people, leaving it to the annual flock of Protestant connoisseurs to admire or to deride, as they will, the ecclesiastical pomps and shows of an alien creed. Mr. Story, however, as an enlightened looker-on, a Liberal and Protestant of English race and culture, has small reverence for the Papal system, either in Church or State, and does not fear to expose its corruptions, though writing without any polemical intent. His concluding chapters, on saint-worship and the prevailing superstitions, are not the least instructive part of his book. "Koba di Roma" supplies, upon the whole, together with an immense variety of entertaining anecdotes, just that information which is wanted about the modern Romans themselves, and their ways of every-day life.

BELLEW'S "AFGHANISTAN."*

MR. BELLEW was medical officer to a mission under the charge of Major (now Colonel) Lumsden, which visited Afghanistan in the year 1857 under very trying circumstances. The work before us is founded upon a journal kept by him during the expedition. It fulfils to a great extent the conditions of a good book of travels. Mr. Bellew has a really interesting story to tell; he tells it simply and straightforwardly, without any attempts at fine writing or facetiousness; and the scene of the story is laid in a country seldom visited by Europeans, and a singular one in itself.

The great fault of the commonplace book of travels is its disjointed and unconnected nature; there is no reason as a rule why you should not begin at the middle of the book, or at the end, or at the last chapter but one, or anywhere else, just as well as at the beginning. A man who should describe his travels on the Great Western would probably give us accounts of Slough, Reading, and Bristol in succession; but there is no reason in the nature of things why Reading should be described before Bristol and after Slough, or vice versa. Now a book in which the order of the chapters is perfectly immaterial is extremely apt to become tiresome. It is therefore a great advantage to a writer of travels when the scenery and manners and customs of the natives come in not avowedly as the raw material of his book, but by way of accessories and ornament to some story interesting in itself. Mr. Bellew has certainly secured this advantage.

The mission was originally sent to Afghanistan by way of encouraging Dost Mahomed to keep the treaty which he had formed with us against the Persians. Soon after they had arrived at Kandahar, the town in which they were to reside, the Persian war ceased, and the Indian mutiny broke out. The officers of the mission were naturally placed in a most trying position, and seem to have behaved with admirable courage. They were cut off from

all news except at long intervals. Every now and then a post came in bringing terrible reports of the fearful losses of the English in India. The population and army of Kandahar were of course of opinion, as a general principle, that it would be as good a deed as drink to cut the throats of the infidels; and on the first news of the revolt a deputation from the clergy of the town waited upon the governor of the province to lay this view of the case strongly before him. One of the chief men of the place made a plot to attack them whether the governor liked it or not, and the plot was accidentally discovered owing to the large purchases of lead which he was making in the city with a view to casting bullets. Moreover, the Afghans generally showed a strong desire to pour down through the Khyber Pass upon Peshawur, at the moment when our hands were full of other work, and our prestige at its lowest point. The consequences might, for the time, have been fatal to our hold on India. Major Lumsden's coolness and tact, however, succeeded in inducing Dost Mahomed to stick to his treaty, and after sixteen months the mission returned in safety to Peshawur. Its officers had had the disappointment of only hearing of the achievements of the guide-corps from a distance, instead of actually sharing in them; but the duty which they had performed, though less conspicuous, was, perhaps, equally important at a time when the fate of our Indian empire might have been determined by one more grain thrown into the balance against us.

The first part of Mr. Bellew's journal describes the passage of the Paiwar. In travelling towards this pass through the Afreedee country, he already finds that the villages of the natives bristle in all directions with round towers. These, he says, are constantly occupied by men at enmity with their neighbours in the same or the surrounding villages, waiting for an opportunity of putting a bullet into their enemies' bodies. In default of their enemy himself, they are quite ready to put a bullet into his horse, or his ox, or his ass, or even his fowl. The village children, not unnaturally, acquire a habit of never keeping in the middle of the street, but skulking along under the cover of the wall, and even the cattle become sagacious enough to adopt the same practice. Higher up in the mountains, amongst certain Jajis, he finds an improvement on the same practice. By every hut was erected a square platform, upon solid pillars of pine-wood; upon the platform was a hut of stone and mud, loopholed in every direction; the only entrance was through a trap-door underneath, which was reached by a rope-ladder. When two neighbours fell out, each mounted into his shooting-box, pulled up his rope-ladder, and waited sometimes for weeks to get a shot at his friend. The principal inconvenience of the plan was the frequent necessity of coming to terms before either party had had a shot, to avoid being starved out. These Jajis endeavoured to stop the passage of the mission, and, under the guidance of an aged and revered priest, turned out in large numbers to prevent their country being defiled by the footsteps of infidels. At the camp where the party halted for a day, they collected in small columns, three or four abreast, and marched round and round the camp, chanting an impressive and passionate war-song, with a chorus of "Wo-ho, Ah-hah." At the conclusion of each song, they leapt simultaneously into the air, yelling and screaming like fiends, brandishing knives and rifles, and beating drums. When these agreeable performances had ceased to provoke a row, they gradually dispersed, under a judicious mixture of threats and oratory. The most distinguished professional pursuit amongst these interesting natives appears to be thieving. One tribe owes the possession of an unusually fine breed of horses to their pre-eminence in this accomplishment. Mr. Bellew repeats a story told by a certain Khan Gul, who belonged to a family of distinction, and, as he says himself, "whose fathers and brothers, uncles and cousins, were leagued together as a band of burglars and highwaymen." Rather inconsistently, it seems to us, they made it a point of honour never to be found out. The family party being one day employed in burglary, Khan Gul's eldest brother was just coming back to his friends outside, through a hole in the wall of a house. As he got his head out, one of the inhabitants seized his leg. "Cut off my head," said the heroic burglar, "and fly with mine and my family's honour undefiled." His relations immediately complied with his request, and bolted with nothing but his trunkless head, and the consciousness that they had done their duty.

Having put these agreeable highlanders between themselves and India, the mission advanced to Kandahar, where they were to reside, Kabul being considered too dangerous a place to live in. They had apartments given to them in the palace, which seems to have been a kind of place of refuge in the midst of a labyrinth of inexpressible filth. Their life was monotonous and wearisome enough. More than once, during their stay at Kandahar, the people were decimated by fearful attacks of pestilence. For six weeks after their first arrival small-pox was raging, and the streets were full of dead and dying people. The dead bodies were, in fact, exposed in the streets, in order to attract contributions for their burial; and, according to Mr. Bellew, were carried about through the crowded thoroughfares on beds, till their advanced stage of putrefaction was more than the showmen could bear. The chief recreation of the mission was to ride out, through these fearful streets, into the country to shoot quail, which were abundant, or the snipe and wild duck, which came in countless multitudes during the rainy season. Indoors, they had to while away the time by practising with revolvers at a mark on the wall opposite to their rooms. We do not wonder that, in course of time, they acquired incredible skill in decapitating every sparrow that was rash enough to put its head out of a hole. As for more serious employments during this semi-

* Journal of a Mission to Afghanistan in 1857. By H. W. Bellew. Smith, Elder, & Co., London. 1862.

captivity, Mr. Bellew seems to have found a good deal of professional employment. Every few days the heir-apparent, who was governor at Kandahar, used to overeat or overdrink himself; and Mr. Bellew gives full details of the various bleedings, cuppings, applications of leeches, and doses of jalap (to which last the heir-apparent took such a fancy as almost to exhaust the store), which he was constantly called upon to administer. His patient was afflicted with carbuncles, gout, threatenings of apoplexy, and various other ailments. Mr. Bellew was surrounded by sundry native physicians, who quoted Galen, Hippocrates, and Avicenna, to him, declared that the vibrations of the voice were produced by the pulsations of the heart, argued that the stars were not in a conjunction favourable to leeches, and called upon him to say whether gout was in the class of hot or cold, dry or moist diseases. As they also privately persuaded the patient not to drink medicine or be bled by the lancets made by infidels; and at the same time considered Mr. Bellew as responsible for anything that might happen, and suspected him of possessing the power of the evil eye, his position was far from pleasant. In addition, however, to his practice in the palace, he set up a dispensary for the public in the town, and seems to have acquired some curious medical information. One ingenious piece of Afghan practice is resorted to for reducing a dislocation of the thigh. The patient is first kept in a dark room for three days, heated by fires incessantly burning, and fed with copious draughts of thin gruel. A fat bullock is at the same time fed with chopped straw, flavoured with salt, and denied a drop of water. At the end of the third day, the patient is made to ride on the back of the bullock, his legs being fastened tightly under its belly by cords round the ancles. The beast is then led out to drink. He is naturally intensely thirsty, drinks copiously, and swells out visibly to twice his former size. The force exerted on the dislocated limb is sufficient to bring it back to the socket. The dislocated shoulder is treated in a similar way; the hand is tied close to the opposite shoulder; an empty water-bag is placed in the bend of the arm, and gradually filled; its weight overcomes the resistance of the muscle, and before long the bone flies back into the socket with the usual sound.

During the wearisome period of their detention at Kandahar, the mission only once saw a European. He was introduced to them by the heir-apparent, who suspected him of being an English spy. He turned out to be a German shoemaker, a native of Berlin. For some unexplained reason, he gave up making shoes at Berlin and took to practising as an itinerant herbalist at Constantinople, Cairo, Jerusalem, Bagdad, and sundry other places, the last of which was at Teheran. Here, it seems, he again took to making shoes, and set out to travel to Bombay, *via* Herat and Kandahar. At Herat he was imprisoned, threatened with having his throat cut as an infidel, and forced to become a Mohammedan. On being released, he travelled on to Kandahar, losing his toes by frost-bite on the road. Here he at first proposed to start for Bombay, hoping to return to his native land. He was, however, persuaded to stay and make shoes at Kandahar; but a few weeks after his interview with the mission, he was sent for to Cabul by the Amir, and nothing more was heard of him. The natives contented themselves by stroking their beards and saying, "God protect him." When a native Khan was suspected of plotting against the heir-apparent, he was generally sent on a visit to the Amir at Cabul. After being there for a short time he was asked to dinner, taken suddenly ill, physiced by the court physicians, and dead before the morning.

The mission stayed in this dismal exile for about a year; waiting anxiously for the reports, which came at slow intervals, of the various outbreaks of mutiny, the massacres at Cawnpore, and of the storming of Delhi. Even after this an unfortunate native, who predicted the ultimate success of the British arms, was stoned to death as a heretic. It is not quite clear what particular form of heresy he was guilty of adopting; but it seems that in these barbarous regions it is heretical to say anything civil about an infidel. It was, however, some months before the mission was recalled, and had the satisfaction, which they seem to have highly appreciated, of again coming amongst the comparative cleanliness and civilization of natives under British rule.

We should not leave Mr. Bellew's very interesting journal without remarking that it is preceded by a chapter giving an account of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and also of their origin. The former part is interesting; the latter, we must confess, sounds slightly improbable. The Afghans maintain that they are descended from King Saul, and a certain grandson of his, called Afghana. Mr. Bellew appears to believe that they are, in fact, of Jewish origin, though we confess we should have thought it about as probable as that the English are descended from the Trojans, through King Brute. Mr. Bellew, however, adds that they are of Jewish physiognomy, that they offer sacrifices something like the Passover, divide their lands by lot, and actually stone people to death outside their villages. If these are not enough to convince an unbeliever, he may console himself by reflecting that they only occupy a few pages, and that the rest of Mr. Bellew's work is really very full of remarkable and interesting facts, resting, not on his historical deductions, but on his personal observation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE publishing of New Year's-day books, of the ornamental species, fit for New Year's gifts, has rather checked, as usual, the issue of those which compose the ordinary staple of French

literary production. It would be unseasonable for these to make their appearance beside the richly bound and finely illustrated volumes which crowd the windows of every bookseller's shop. Purchasers in the first week or two of the year look rather to the outside splendour of a volume than to its substantial contents. Yet, among the sumptuous editions of standard works, are some which merit special praise. The first to be noticed* is the "Atala" of Chateaubriand, with engravings after the designs of Gustave Doré. It is got up in the same form and with the same magnificence as the edition of Dante's "Inferno," translated into French by M. Fiorentino, and illustrated by the same rising artist, which came out last year. M. Gustave Doré shows no less vigour of invention and handling in his wild and romantic scenes of the American forest than in portraying the tortures of that place of eternal doom, which was created by the stern genius of the great Italian poet. Another illustrated book,† though of a class widely removed from these, is the "Popular History of France," compiled under the superintendence of M. Durny. The text is borrowed from the most approved books of French history for young readers; and almost every page is furnished with a pictorial representation of the most striking and dramatic incidents in the narrative. The swarm of these new illustrated publications has, since the 15th of January, abated, so as to permit of the appearance of a few original works. These are mainly of the historical kind. There is one‡ by M. Zeller, tutor of the historical class at the Higher Normal School, on the characters of the Roman emperors. It requires some courage to deal with such a subject in France just now. Since the French empire was restored, the history of the ancient Roman empire has become a ground upon which the passions of conflicting political parties have fought with the utmost fury. M. Ampère, of the French Academy, from his study of the sculptured monuments of Roman antiquity, took occasion for a sharp and hostile criticism of the most famous imperial personages. On the other hand, those learned antiquaries who have lately employed themselves in copying and collating, in various parts of Europe, inscriptions of the imperial age of Rome, have rather been disposed to favour that government which, during four centuries, gave shelter to the world's civilization. M. Zeller, without neglecting either of these sources of information, has gone more directly to the testimony of Latin authors in his attempt to describe the true character of each of the Roman emperors, and his special influence on the political condition of the empire, from the reign of Augustus, by whom that empire was founded, down to that of Theodosius, who is justly called the last of the Roman line. In this series of portraits, rapidly sketched, but from a thorough study of the subject, he shows how the different qualities of their despotism, varying with their personal dispositions, transformed the whole state of society in the Roman world. It is not to be expected that M. Zeller will wholly escape the censure of critics, but his fidelity as a student and his talent as a writer must be fairly acknowledged. Another historical work of this month is that§ of M. Charles de Mouy, on Don Carlos and Philip II. of Spain. The fate of that unhappy prince, Don Carlos, has been nobly celebrated by the tragic genius of Schiller; but it appears, from the latest researches in the Spanish archives, that, except his ill-fortune, there was nothing interesting about him. He was neither young, nor handsome, nor intelligent, nor yet in love. A sickly, deformed creature, feeble in mind and body, a prey to maniacal delusions, which broke out in frantic attempts upon the lives of his father's ministers and of the king himself, Don Carlos was at length placed in confinement, to restrain him from further mischief, and there, his health being already undermined, the wretched prince died. There is no ground for charging Philip, in this instance, with the crime of unnatural cruelty which has been imputed to him. He endeavoured, as long as possible, to endure, and even to conceal, the consequences of his son's mental infirmities, if not for the sake of parental affection, yet as a matter affecting his family pride. This is the conclusion to which M. Charles de Mouy is led by a careful investigation, the proofs and documents being here set forth. This task he has performed with scrupulous diligence, and the result is placed before us in an effective style.

We have to notice, however, some historical works more particularly concerning France. The critical essay of M. Caboche, on "French Memoirs and French History," discusses the mode in which those innumerable pieces of biography and personal narratives, which particularly abound in French literature, are used as materials for regular historical composition. M. Caboche, who is an associate of the Faculty of Letters of Paris, and has several times, in the absence of M. St. Marc Girardin, filled the chair of French poetry at the Sorbonne, is quite competent to treat this subject, which he does with judgment and good taste. Not only the memoirs of Montluc and Marguerite de Valois in the sixteenth century, and those of Richelieu, Cardinal de Retz, M. de Motteville, La Rochejacquelin, and St. Simon in the seventeenth, but also those of Napoleon, Chateaubriand, and even M. Guizot in our own age, have contributed to the structure of French history; and it is the aim of M. Caboche in this treatise to point out the rules which should be observed for their use in such compositions. There is, however, one class of writings from which we may gain a still more intimate acquaintance with historical personages than

* Atala. Par M. de Chateaubriand. One vol. folio. Hachette.

† Histoire Populaire de la France. Two vols. petit in-folio. Lahure, Rue de Fleurus.

‡ Les Empereurs Romains: Caractères et Portraits Historiques. One Vol. 8vo. Librairie Academique de Didier, Quai des Vieux Augustins.

§ Don Carlos et Philippe II. One Vol. 12mo. Didier.

from their memoirs, and that is from their private letters. It has been remarked, that the present age is too indiscreet in its curiosity about the private life and habits of distinguished people. In France, it must be confessed, this indiscretion is very frequent. Daily more urgent in their unconscionable demand to know all the minutest personalities, not only of the present, but of past ages, the literary resurrectionists, digging up dead men from their graves, show us in broad daylight the smallest blemish or speck in their persons, in their characters, and in everything that belonged to them, not even sparing the most sacred mysteries of their domestic life. On this occasion, however, M. Honoré Bonhomme, the editor, three years ago, of Piron's correspondence with Mdles. Quinault and De Bar, gratifies the prevailing passion for personal disclosures with a volume entitled "Madame de Maintenon and her family."* He is an ardent and unwearied searcher for out-of-the-way information on subjects of this kind; nor does he, when he has got such information, lock it up selfishly in his own desk, but freely communicates it to the public, and promises to find us a good deal more. The letters which he has here got hold of, including those of Agrippa d'Aubigné; Renée Burlamacchi, his second wife; Madame de Maintenon herself; Charles d'Aubigné, her brother; the Marchioness La Villette, Ninon de l'Enclos, the young Marquis La Villette, and the Comte de Caylus, form a series of family correspondence extending over more than a hundred years, and embracing the most diverse topics of private as well as of public interest. They throw much fresh light on the situation and conduct of Madame de Maintenon, in many of the circumstances of her life, on which previous authors, such as the Duc de Noailles and M. Theophile Lavallée, had bestowed much pains. Among the most curious papers in this collection we may notice the *vade mecum*, or manual of spiritual guidance, which was prepared for Madame de Maintenon's use by the priestly directors of her conscience. Not even the secrets of the confessional are exempt from literary intrusion; and we are thus admitted into the most confidential religious counsels of this remarkable woman, who has been lauded as a mother of the Church. It is with some real interest, however, that we examine the bearings of this new publication on the two most disputed points in Madame de Maintenon's history; that is to say, the part which she took in revoking the edict of Nantes; and the delicate question, whether her behaviour as a woman was irreproachable, from the time of the death of her first husband, the poet Scarron, to that of her marriage with Louis XIV. As to the second point, M. Bonhomme, relying on the new evidence which he has procured, is unable to pronounce in her favour; but he shows an equal amount of incredulity on the other question referred to, and he finishes with a remark, the grossness of which forbids its translation here, on the difficulty of painting any portrait of her character as a whole. If, as we have observed, French writers are too often guilty of extreme indiscretion in their treatment of personal topics, they are especially apt to fall into this fault when discussing the lives of women. The last book of this sort which we need mention here is, "Woman in the Eighteenth Century,"† by Messrs. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. It may perhaps be remembered that, in a late number of this review, we noticed a book on the most distinguished women in the French society of the seventeenth century. The present volume is a continuation of that one; and with its half-serious, half-playful tone, it has some merits that deserve to be commended. We are introduced by its authors to the domestic life and social intercourse of some of the most celebrated women of that age; and we perceive that—unlike the age preceding, when the women seemed to have no other occupation than the pursuit of pleasure and ascetic devotion—it seems already to feel the breath of the approaching Revolution; and female life, partaking of this new moral influence, assumes a less childish aspect.

A further contribution to the history of the nineteenth century is promised us by M. Guizot, who has another volume of "Memoirs" nearly ready for the press. M. de Broglie's writings, too, are being published in a collected form, and will of course be welcomed eagerly by the section of the political world in which that gentleman has played so conspicuous a part. We may conclude with a volume, to which the events now taking place on the other side of the Atlantic, and the distress prevalent alike in Lancashire and Normandy, have attracted more attention than its subject would naturally command. M. Louis Reybaud has published a dissertation upon "Cotton: its History, its Management, and its Influence in Europe." M. Reybaud is a political economist of some repute, and the author of a valuable treatise upon the history of the silk manufacture. His present work will not disappoint his admirers, nor can any addition to our knowledge of the cotton trade be considered inopportune. The experience of the last twelve months has convinced us scarcely less of the importance of this failure to the world, than of the gross ignorance which prevailed with reference to its culture, and to the effects which any interruption of the trade was likely to entail upon European society. The Southern States, no doubt, in the first instance, resolved upon hostilities, in the arrogant belief that "Le coton est roi," and that the monopolists of so essential a production might dictate their own terms to mankind. That illusion is dispelled, and the cotton trade, as it existed before the war, will probably never be replaced. England is busy with the discovery that very tolerable substitutes for the lacking fabric may be found in any quantity in more than

one of her dependencies; and the question which speculators have to decide is as to the direction in which the trade, called into existence by the present crisis, may most safely be stimulated. M. Reybaud is sensible and well informed, and his book will, no doubt, be read with interest on both sides of the Channel.

In the department of novels and dramatic literature, the month of January has not yielded much. M. Octave Feuillet's tale of "Sibylle," which has already appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has come out in a permanent form. Its heroine is a young girl, who, being a fervent Catholic with romantic notions of religious duty, refuses to marry a young man whom she loves, until he shall have been converted from his scepticism; and the conflict in her mind, between her human affection for him, and her passionate devotion to the faith, constitutes the chief interest of the story, which, in spite of some affectations and a false tone of sentiment, is worked out in a fascinating style. The greatest success in the theatres, not only at Paris, but at every large town in France, is still *Le Fils de Giboyer*, by which, however, M. Emile Angier has incurred a great deal of censure. In the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the lucky dramatist is appealed to by M. Prevost Paradol to desist from this unfair attack, by means of the stage, upon his political opponents who are hindered, as he must know, from meeting him in equal lists. He is exhorted therefore to consult his own dignity, and that of literature, by returning to the portraiture of ordinary social life and manners. Everyone joins in saying, "Let us have no more political comedies;" the advent of a new Aristophanes is by no means desired. There is nothing political, however, in a pretty piece in verse, by M. Edouard Fournier, which is being played at the second Théâtre Français, by the name of "Molière's Daughter." Its plot is not, indeed, very original; but anything which relates to Molière is interesting in France; and though the great poet himself does not come upon the stage, there are pleasant recollections of him in the conversation of an old servant who loves to talk of her deceased master, as well as in his daughter, who, inheriting some portion of his talent, makes use of it to save a young lady, her friend, from the consequences of a juvenile imprudence. There is a charming mixture of gaiety and sensibility in this little drama.

SHORT NOTICES.

MISS CRAIK has some originality of conception; for she sets out in her little story* with a difference of opinion between the young lady and her aunt, which is the very reverse of that commonly ascribed by our domestic novelists to a heroine and her elderly female guardian, in their respective views of love and marriage. Winifred, the banker's daughter, is quite willing to please her papa, by accepting the baronet with whom she "is not in love," whilst her aunt Catharine, unlike the coldly prudent adviser of Cousin Amy in "Locksley Hall," tries in vain to dissuade her from a match, commendable in a worldly point of view, but lacking the assurance of eternal affection. Yet Sir Charles is a respectable young gentleman, with no positive vices, and with the positive virtue of an enormous rent-roll; and though she finds him dull, Miss Hastings has made up her mind that she will try to love him, and so be as happy as she can. Her aunt Catherine, Mrs. Murray, being at length bullied into silence by the obstinate father, the heroine seems doomed to an unsentimental union; but she is rescued by her father's bankruptcy, which breaks off the engagement. Her second suitor is a jovial, manly, frank, young iron-founder, Robert Bertram, who eats raw carrots in the kitchen-garden, gives her an apple out of his pocket, and is not ashamed to show her his ungloved hands, soiled with honest toil. These are matters of taste, and whether, after mature reflection, she will like better to be Mrs. Bertram, or to be Lady Sinclair, ordinary morality has little to say to it. It is not poor Sir Charles's fault that he is rich and dull; but when, by her father's ruin and his death, Winifred is left in danger of being poor, and dull, and lonely, Mr. Bertram, whom she has before despised, is an excellent good fellow, to pick her up, and mend the faults of the pretty spoiled child. It all comes round at last, through certain family arrangements, whereby Miss Hastings becomes the legal ward of Mr. Bertram, and governess to a little cousin of his; so that he may use his just authority to rebuke her vanity and conceit, and to superintend her mental culture, until, after two or three years' anticipation of marital discipline, he thinks her fit for his wife. "Winifred's Wooing" is neither so foolishly designed, nor so feebly told, as many others of the same kind that come under our notice.

"England and its People"† ought to have been noticed by us some time ago, for an allusion in the preface to Prince Albert's recent death reminds us that it is one of the publications of last season. It belongs to a class of little books, which, presenting much really important knowledge in a form attractive to children, deserve to be favourably looked upon, when clear of any fundamental error. Miss Taylor's general views of English history appear sound and sufficiently distinct; she relates the faults and the fates of Mary Stuart and Charles Stuart without that undue spirit of partizanship which some other lady writers have betrayed; she draws a wholesome moral lesson, wherever she can, from the personal misconduct or misfortunes of our ancient princes and their peers; she praises all the good, from King Alfred to Queen Vic-

* Winifred's Wooing. A Novelette. By Georgiana M. Craik. One volume. Smith, Elder, & Co.

† England and its People: a Familiar History of the Country, and the Manners of its Inhabitants. By Emily Taylor. Sixth edition. Houlston & Wright.

* Madame de Maintenon et sa Famille. 1 vol., 12mo. Didier & Co.

† La Femme au XVIII^{me} Siècle. One Vol. 8vo. Michel Lévy.

toria; and, on the whole, she has compiled a very proper summary of this subject for the use of readers under twelve years of age.

Mr. Stevenson's volume,* one of that beautifully printed series of new books of religious edification, which we owe to the enterprising publishers of *Good Words*, is not a collection of sermons, as might be expected from its title, but contains biographical sketches of five admirable men, all Germans, the founders, within this century, of some of the most successful institutions of Christian philanthropy. These are Johann Falk, a self-taught man of letters, who attached himself to Goethe for a time, but quitted the brilliant circle at Weimar, to promote evangelical home-mission schools; Dr. Immanuel Wichern, of Hamburg, who established that juvenile reformatory, which, by the name of "The Rough House," is the most celebrated model for all our institutions of its kind; Theodore Fliedner, the village pastor of Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, whose training college for nurses, both sick-nurses and babe-nurses, and for Protestant sisters of charity called "deaconesses," is also widely known; Gossner, who, from a Roman Catholic priest in Bavaria, became the author of German Protestant missions to the heathen; and Louis Harms, the minister of a rustic church on the Luneburger Heath in Hanover, who has sent out, chiefly from his own parish, a Christian colony now settled and thriving in the most savage districts of Southern Africa. The lives of these devout and diligent men are full of personal interest, and Mr. Stevenson, who is a vigorous and graceful writer, has managed the narrative well. He shows, too, a fair acquaintance with the social and intellectual history of Germany for a hundred years past, and there is not the slightest taint of bigotry in his allusions to the scarcely Christian literary influences of the last age.

Miss Barlee, whose labours of charity are well known to the poor of London and to those who care about them, lays before us another little book,† beside those she has already published, one of which dealt more particularly with the existing distress in Lancashire, and the other showed the benefits of establishing "Refuges" for destitute persons in this huge city, as well as providing an industrial maintenance for a miserable class of women. The title of this volume, "Friendless and Helpless," at once appeals to our compassionate sympathies, and might even disarm the criticism which its contents will bear. We can, indeed, take no serious exception to them, so far as Miss Barlee has been content with her own plain and truthful statements of what she has herself observed; and if, in one or two instances, we detect a tone of rather questionable declamation, this is usually in a passage borrowed from some less careful writer. It is unhappily a fact, that, amidst our London population of three millions, including so many hundreds of strangers daily arriving without an employer or a friend, a few cases of extreme wretchedness, sometimes resulting in death from exposure and starvation, do occasionally happen. But we are not hastily to be convinced that the blame of these accidental failures in the administration of public charity is to be ascribed to the "guardians and Poor Law authorities," or to the general system of our Poor Law. The evils of distributing out-door relief, as a regular practice, have been found, in their permanent effect upon social morality, greatly to outweigh the temporary benefit which might in individual cases have been got from it. This is a question which higher authorities than Miss Barlee have already decided. We entirely agree with her, however, in commending the establishment of refuges or reception-houses, where poor travellers, or "tramps," as they are called, who may reach town at any hour of the night, could be sure of a bare shelter, and a bit of necessary food. The casual wards of the London workhouses are quite inadequate for their accommodation. Everybody who walks at night has seen, at the workhouse doors, a shuddering group of these poor creatures, shut out by the lateness of their arrival, or by the want of room within; and we deeply regret to learn that the Dudley-street Refuge, in Edgeware-road, is so much distressed by the want of funds that the "Girls' Home," a branch of it, has lately been closed. The best part of Miss Barlee's book consists of her account of these institutions, and the personal narratives of some of the women whom she has met there; "short and simple annals of the poor." Without here entering into the questions of female education, workhouse school discipline, and the organization of needlework, to which her later chapters are devoted, we refer this small volume to the mature consideration of those practically experienced in the difficult business of systematic beneficence.

The transition from charitable institutions to postage-stamps‡ seems violent. Yet we remember that a nomination of candidates for admission into certain metropolitan asylums has more than once been made, by the caprice of subscribers, to depend on the accumulation of a certain number of old stamps, as a test of the amount of interest which the friends of any orphan or idiot may take on his behalf. The collecting, classifying, or arranging of the great variety of stamps adopted by the postal regulations of so many different countries in the world, has latterly become a fashionable pastime, and may even be pursued as a serious study. Dr. Gray, better known as the learned and skilful curator of the natural history department in the British Museum, undertakes to be the professor of this new and curious science. We observe that the publication of his little volume has been followed up by starting a periodical specially devoted to this subject.

* *Praying and Working; or, Some Account of What Men Can Do when in Earnest.* By the Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson. A. Strahan & Co.

† *Friendless and Helpless.* By Ellen Barlee. Victoria Press: Emily Faithfull, Publisher.

‡ *Hand Catalogue of Postage Stamps.* By Dr. J. E. Gray, F.R.S., F.L.S. Hardwicke.

Everyone who is accustomed to take part in any kind of public meetings, or to witness their proceedings, must have frequently observed how great is the waste of time, and still worse, how great the waste of temper, occasioned by not properly understanding the rules of debate, the reception of motions and amendments, and all that formal "order" which it is requisite to observe. Dr. Smith has prepared a very useful little manual* of these matters, which every chairman ought to study before he ventures to preside over a deliberative assembly. It would be convenient if a set of precepts for the conduct of such business were so universally known and approved, that it might be quoted as of some authority in cases of dispute.

MUSIC.

At the last Monday Popular Concert, Madame Arabella Goddard reappeared, after a long interval, playing Mendelssohn's solo sonata in E, and, with Monsieur Sainton, Dussek's sonata for piano and violin. Mendelssohn's sonata might have been appropriately entitled "Sonata quasi Fantasia," since it is far more free in construction than the sonata proper, the form of which, like the quartet and symphony, was fixed by Haydn and Mozart. The sonata of Mendelssohn is an early work, with all the inequalities of young and vehement genius. The first allegro is graceful and flowing, but not marked by any special power. The middle, or slow movement, is a kind of rhapsody, in which he makes much use of the recitative form—or rather want of form—previously used by both Bach and Beethoven in their pianoforte music. There is here a dreamy vagueness, reminding one of Beethoven's later abstruse style, but wanting in that depth and vastness which underlie even the most erratic of his wild imaginings. As the work of a boy composer, however, Mendelssohn's sonata is (like many other of his early works) unexampled in the history of precocious musical genius. The scherzo is a foreshadowing of those fanciful and capricious movements in which he afterwards almost rivalled Beethoven. But it is in the *finale* that Mendelssohn gives the greatest indication of his dawning powers; it is, indeed, a burst of impetuous joyousness which only himself or Weber could have produced. The charming effect of a sustained melody, accompanied by a sprinkling of arpeggio chords (a feature first developed by Weber), is one of which Mendelssohn largely availed himself in his subsequent pianoforte music. Indeed, his use of the arpeggio is a marked characteristic of his style. The vehement animation and excitement which pervade this concluding movement demand a rapid mechanism, with a power of self-control which few players possess so eminently as Madame Arabella Goddard, whose performance was a triumph of manipulative skill, which called forth the loudest demonstrations of applause. Mozart's quintet for clarinet and stringed instruments was a perfect piece of *ensemble*; Mr. Lazarus, who led it, of course coming in for the chief honours, and thoroughly earning them by his most refined and expressive performance, which had an equal share with the beauty of the music itself in procuring an *encore* for the slow movement. A quaint and antiquated sonata of Boccherini, for the violoncello, admirably played by Signor Piatti; and Haydn's quartet, with the variations on "God preserve the Emperor," completed the instrumental selection. The singers were Mdlle. Florence Lancia and Madame Sainton-Dolby, the latter of whom repeated Glinka's characteristic song, "The Orphan," which was so enthusiastically received at the previous concert.

The National Choral Society's announcement of Haydn's "Creation," with Mr. Sims Reeves as the tenor, attracted a large audience to Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening. Haydn, as an oratorio writer, stands in about the same relation to Handel as Goldsmith compared to Milton. The style of Haydn is almost always reflective of the graceful geniality and calm contentment of his happy temperament. The beautiful he frequently attains—the sublime never. Now, although it may be conceded that a work, even of a sacred character, intended for performance in the concert-room, may admit of greater freedom of style and a lighter vein of sentiment than the music of religious worship, still a subject so vast and awful as that of the "Creation" demands, for its adequate expression, a tone of elevated majesty and unfamiliar dignity, which, it must be admitted, Haydn seldom, if ever, reaches. Bach, Handel, or Beethoven, only could have firmly grappled with a theme so lofty—one, indeed, requiring for its illustration a genius analogous to that of Milton or of Michael Angelo. Therefore it is that all who are accustomed to criticise music on high principles of art must ever give the preference to Haydn's "Seasons" over his "Creation," as being, in tone and treatment, more true to the character and nature of its subject. The "Creation," however, viewed simply as music, and without reference to the high standard just adverted to, is a work which will always charm by the combined genius and science which distinguish it throughout. Marvellous, indeed, in its fresh and genial beauty, is this production of a man of sixty-five; only less marvellous than the "Seasons," produced two years later. The performance of the "Creation" on Wednesday was generally creditable to the National Choral Society and Mr. Martin, its conductor.

* *A Handy Book on the Law and Practice of Public Meetings.* By James Walter Smith, Esq., LL.D., of the Inner Temple. Weldon & Co.

Some improvement would be gained by increasing the orchestral power, especially the stringed instruments, which are quite inadequate in numbers to the immense body of vocalists. The principal singers were Miss Banks, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Lawler. Of course the chief effect was created by Mr. Reeves, who was as successful as usual in the recitative "In splendour bright," and the air "In native worth." Miss Banks sang with much refinement and expression, especially in "With verdure clad;" but her voice is scarcely strong enough for passages requiring brilliancy and declamation, in so large a space as that of Exeter Hall. Mr. Lawler gained much applause by his careful singing of the air, "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," with its preliminary recitative, in which Haydn descends to some attempts at imitative music which are not only beneath the dignity of the subject, but quite beyond the province of the art. The great hall was densely crowded. "Elijah" is announced by the same society for its next performance, in March. If Mr. Martin wishes to gain a special reputation, he would do well to produce something out of the beaten track—such, for instance, as some of Bach's motetts or cantatas, of which there is ample choice. In this way he may enter into a competition with the Sacred Harmonic Society that will do him more honour, and the art more service, than by repeating, exclusively, works so frequently given by that institution.

Towards the end of our last week's notice of the Musical Society of London, the reverse of the intended meaning was expressed by the erroneous insertion of the word "not."

CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

THE series of Friday evening lectures of the Royal Institution for the present season was opened by Professor Tyndall on the 23rd ultimo. The subject—"Radiation through the Atmosphere"—was a further instalment of those important researches on radiant heat which have already made his fame world-wide. It will be remembered that on former occasions during the past year he enunciated the fact that of the radiant heat from the earth seventy-five times as much was arrested or "struck down," as he aptly terms it, by the aqueous vapour suspended in the air, as by the air itself, and that these results were afterwards questioned by Magnus and others on the ground that in his apparatus he had employed rock-salt. It was suggested by those savants, that as a solution of salt was even more impervious to radiant heat than aqueous vapour, the moisture of the air admitted into the apparatus, or derived from the atmosphere itself, might cause a film of brine to be deposited on the surface of the rock-salt, and thus cause the phenomena Dr. Tyndall attributed to the aqueous vapour suspended in the air. Another objection was, that the London air with which the experiment was made contained a great deal of carbon, and that the stated results might be due to this source.

In his lecture at the Cambridge meeting of the British Association, and in a recent paper before the Royal Society, as well as in several periodical publications, Dr. Tyndall has more or less refuted these objections; but on the present occasion he exhibited publicly the very means he had adopted to substantiate the veracity of the deductions from his former experiments. No man has naturally a clear idea of a line, but, by a species of mental purification he attains at last to the comprehension of Euclid's definition. In the same way no one has, at first, a clear idea of the atmosphere. By the same kind of mental purification we perceive the oxygen and nitrogen thickly strewn as minute spheres freely swimming as it were in space, and kept asunder by a peculiar repulsive force. But interspersed with these are others of a totally different character—carbonic acid, the molecules of which are a compound group of atoms, ammonia, and aqueous vapour. When we see steam issuing from a kettle or the funnel of a locomotive, we familiarly call it vapour, but it is not truly such; it is water in a fine state of division. Vapour proper is completely invisible, as may be seen experimentally by heating with a spirit lamp a jet of steam issuing from a pipe. When air is expanded it loses heat, and Dr. Tyndall availed himself of this fact to produce a cloud from the vapour contained in the air; filling the bell-glass of an air-pump, and which illuminated by the bright beams of the electric light, was not only visible to the whole audience but cast a beautiful coloured halo on the wall.

We have not yet, however, spread out the entire image of our atmosphere. Its atoms are as separate as individual fishes in a shoal, they are linked together and with the molecules commingled with them by a common medium. The space between these invisible atoms is not empty, but filled with a still finer atmosphere, which links them together—which links, indeed, the universe together. The rolling planets round our sun are bathed in this fine sea, and so the stars are united with other stars throughout the wide expanse of space. The atoms of this universal sea, thrown into vibration, propagate waves that awaken the sensation of light; other motions produce heat. So that if we could see these waves we should see the region round us ruled like the engine-turning of a watch-case, with their innumerable crossings and passages. The radiation of heat and the radiation of light are nothing but the pulsations of these waves of motion through this luminiferous ether. These motions, in the case of radiant heat, are "broken down," or stopped by aqueous vapour. In every 200 atoms of oxygen and hydrogen there is but one of aqueous vapour; and between one of these atoms and one of these molecules there is but little difference, the weights of one 16, the other 18; and yet the latter strikes down 80 times as much as the portion of atmosphere surrounding it; or, in other words, the single atom of aqueous vapour exerts an influence 16,000 times greater than that of the single atom of oxygen or nitrogen. Dr. Tyndall then exhibited, in great detail, the manipulation and arrangement of his ap-

paratus. By a simple experiment he showed why he had used rock-salt. Taking a perforated plate, he placed before it a sheet of ordinary glass; all the radiation of heat from an obscure source was cut off; substituting a mass 4 or 5 inches thick of rock-salt, nearly all the rays of heat passed through, as shown by the deflection of the needle of the galvanometer to 90 degrees, and which to the glass had been perfectly stationary. His next experiments were performed with apparatus so delicate that the heat of his body was sufficient to derange the results, and the apparatus was consequently observed from a distance by a telescope. He next tested the rock-salt used in his experiments, and showed how, by merely breathing on its surface, an iridescent film was produced; but no trace of such could be found on taking the salt from the instrument—its surface was as polished then as when it was first put in. He showed, too, how the convergent radiation from all parts of the interior was brought down on the rock-salt to keep it dry, and how the space around it was moreover specially protected. He then did away with the rock-salt altogether, and by displacing the air on one side of the thermo-electric pile by dry air issuing from a reservoir charged with chloride of calcium, produced all the effects without any apparatus whatever; thus establishing the truth of his former deductions in a manner which it seems impossible to overturn. Any absorption due to carbon from the pressure in the air of London smoke was also shown to be incomparably inferior to the power in that respect of aqueous vapour. The bearings of his researches practically on the science of meteorology was the next theme of his remarks, in elucidation of some points in which he displayed one of those charming experiments so peculiarly his own. Sending a beam of light from his electric lamp through a lump of ice, he showed that, like the beam of sunshine, it had invisible rays of heat commingled with its rays of light; the beam of light had a higher temperature before it entered the ice than it had after it had passed through it, and this lost heat was used up during the passage through the lump in melting the ice into most beautiful star-shaped flowers, which were depicted in numbers, most elegantly grouped, on the screen beyond. This water so melted would give out on freezing again exactly the same amount of heat as it had absorbed in liquifying.

Similar was the action of the sunlight upon the carbonic acid; it leaves the carbon in the leaves of plants and tears away the oxygen, and so much of the sun's power is thus extinguished. Thus the carbon that we burn burns with the heat and light that came from the sun. There is no heat nor light upon the earth that did not come from that source: and the force we see in vitality is precisely the same as we see in inorganic nature. All the energy displayed on our planet is due to the sun,—to that portion of his rays which are arrested between their entrance in and their emergence from our air—a fraction of the 230-millionth part of his power caught in their passage into infinity.

During the past week Cardinal Wiseman has lectured at the Royal Institution "On the Connection between Science and Art," on which topics he entertained a densely crowded audience for nearly two hours. He began by showing how in the first instance science was associated with painting by the determination of the rules of perspective in the fifteenth century; for although before that time great painters might have often intuitively caught the manner of truly representing objects on a flat surface, no regular rules had been eliminated. The science of music was little understood a century ago, and while in 1733 the term "fiddler," was one of the most moderate epithets applied to Handel, we now saw the evidence of the progress made in the national taste when the Oratorios that were ridiculed by Walpole, were now performed by some thousands of instrumentalists at the Crystal Palace, many of whom had been taken from the "cotton mules" of Lancashire, or the factories of the metropolis. Theatrical scenery ancient and modern was also referred to; and comparison made between ancient and modern sculpture. The value of the connection of science with architecture was also forcibly pointed out in the case of the late reparations of the dome of St. Peter's. Throughout his lecture the Cardinal dwelt on the slow steps by which advance was made in science. Sixteen years ago Fraunhofer detected the fine lines in the solar spectrum, and now we see to what extent science has used that simple fact, and to what end she is likely to carry it. Science was food of the highest material for man's mind, and possessed a poetry of the most sublime significance.

The first meeting of the Anthropological Society will take place at the Society's rooms, 4, St. Martin's-place, on the 24th of this month, when the President, Dr. James Hunt, will read an inaugural address "On the Study of Anthropology," the science of mankind. It is but a few weeks since, in a short paragraph, we announced the foundation of this new institution by a few gentlemen, some of familiar repute as ethnologists, and already we find that its fellows amount to upwards of one hundred, and that the list is daily and rapidly increasing. But what is of equal importance is, that active proceedings of the society are to commence forthwith. Its meetings will be, no doubt, important battle-fields for contesting opinions; but its chief feature is expected to be in its publications. Abstracts, and notices of the papers read, and the discussions which take place at its meetings, will be regularly given in a new "Quarterly Journal of Anthropology," while the society will publish yearly a volume of translations of important foreign treatises, and a volume of its own transactions, containing original and important papers, which, from the character of the men who are likely to take a prominent part of its doings, may be expected to be of more than ordinary merit. We believe that the work of Dr. Theodor Waitz, "Anthropologie der Naturvölker," has been selected by the publishing committee, and that the manuscript translation is already in a sufficiently advanced state to commence printing; so there is little doubt but the society will issue its publications long before the close of the present year.

Strong brown paper is now being manufactured in America, from the wild flax growing in profusion in the low grounds of the Northern States.

LIST OF MEETINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES FOR
NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, 9TH FEBRUARY.

GEOGRAPHICAL—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. 1. "Inundations of the Nile." By Lieut. Oliver, R.A. 2. Report by Dr. Baikie, "On the Countries in the Neighbourhood of the Niger." 3. "Notes on Madagascar." By Lieut. Oliver, R.A.

ARCHITECTS—9, Conduit-street, Hanover-square, at 8 P.M. Discussion, "Ventilation of Buildings." To be opened by Mr. Marable.

MEDICAL—32A, George-street, Hanover-square, at 8½ P.M. Lettsomian Lecture, "On the Differences between the Physiological and Pathological Processes in Children and Adults, and on some Congenital Deformities, as Hare-lip and Malformations of the Rectum." By Mr. Thomas Bryant.

TUESDAY, 10TH FEBRUARY.

CIVIL ENGINEERS—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 8 P.M. 1. Continued discussion, "On Sleeper Woods, Madras Railway." 2. "Description of the Drainage of Dundee." By Mr. John Fulton. 3. "Description of Drainage Works of Newport, Monmouthshire." By Mr. A. Williams, C.E.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "On Animal Mechanics." By Professor Marshall.

MEDICAL AND CHIRURGICAL—53, Berners-street, Oxford-street, at 8½ P.M.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN—29, Hart-street, Bloomsbury, at 7½ P.M.

ZOOLOGICAL—11, Hanover-square, at 9 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, 11TH FEBRUARY.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—32, Sackville-street, at 8½ P.M. "On a Roman Villa at Combe Down, Bath." By Rev. Prebendary Scarth.

GRAPHIC—Flaxman Hall, University College, at 8 P.M.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. Soirée.

ROYAL LITERATURE—4, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar-square, at 8½ P.M. A Report addressed to the Council, "On Mr. Mayer's Papyri, and their Interpretation by M. Simonides," will be read by the Hon. Sec., Mr. Vaux.

MICROSCOPICAL—King's College, at 8 P.M. Anniversary.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M.

METEOROLOGICAL—25, Great George-street, Westminster, at 7 P.M.

THURSDAY, 12TH FEBRUARY.

ROYAL SOCIETY—Burlington House, at 8½ P.M. 1. "On Thallium." By William Crookes, Esq. 2. "On the Telescopic Appearance of the Planet Mars." By Professor J. Phillips.

ANTIQUARIES—Somerset House, at 8½ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "On Chemical Affinity." By Dr. E. Frankland.

FRIDAY, 13TH FEBRUARY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 8 P.M. "On Artificial Illumination." By Dr. E. Frankland.

LONDON INSTITUTION—Finsbury-circus, at 7 P.M. "Non-Metallic Elements." By Professor Field.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY—Somerset House, at 3 P.M. Anniversary.

SATURDAY, 14TH FEBRUARY.

BOTANIC—Inner Circle, Regent's-park, at 3½ P.M.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. "On Life and Death." By Mr. W. S. Savory.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Amy's New Home; and other Stories for Girls. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

Andrews' (Dr. E. A.) Copious and Critical Latin-English Lexicon. New edition. Royal 8vo., 18s.

Bacon's Guide to American Politics. Fcap., cloth, 2s.

Baker's (T.) The Laws relating to Burials, &c. Third edition. 12mo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Balfour's (Mrs. Ch.) Retribution. 18mo., sewed, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.; cloth boards, 2s.

Bingham's (R., M.A.) The Prayer Book as it might be. Crown 8vo., sewed, 3s.

Bost's (A.) History of the Moravians. Translated from the French, and abridged. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Carter's (Rev. T. T.) The Imitation of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Lent Lectures. Third Edition. 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Chambers's (Robert) Book of Days: A Miscellany of Popular Antiquities. Two vols. Vol. I., royal 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

——— Narrative Series of Standard Reading Books. Book I. Fcap., cloth limp, 6d.

Chronicles of Carlingford: Salem Chapel. Two vols. Crown 8vo., 24s.

Clarke's (Rev. J. Erskine) Common Life Sermons. Fourth thousand. Fcap., cloth, 2s.

Collins's (C. Alston) A Cruise upon Wheels. New Edition. 1 vol. Crown 8vo. cloth, 5s.

Cook's Universal Letter Writer. New edition. 32mo., cloth, 1s.

Crory's (W. G.) Industry in Ireland: a Treatise on the Agricultural Powers of the Country. 8vo., sewed, 3s.

D'Aubigné's (Dr. J. H. M.) History of the Reformation. Abridged by the Rev. John Gill. New edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Demosthenes Midias. Buttmann's Text, with English Notes. By Arthur Holmes, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Dick's (A. H.) Compendium of Mathematical Geography for the Use of Students. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Family Atlas, by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. Eighty Coloured Maps and Index. New edition. Folio, half-morocco, £3. 3s.

Fisch's (Rev. G.) Nine Months in the United States during the Crisis. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Folkard's (H. C.) The Sailing Boat: a Treatise on English and Foreign Boats. Third edition. Plates. Crown 8vo., cloth, 12s. 6d.

Gausson's (Dr. L.) The Canon of the Holy Scriptures. Second edition. 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

Gilmour and Dean's National Atlas of Modern Geography. Folio, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Girl's Own Book (The). By Mrs. Child. New edition. Crown 16mo., cloth gilt, 4s. 6d.

Gow's (Daniel) Lecture on the Civil War in America. Fcap., sewed, 2d.

Handbook of the Court, the Peerage, and the House of Commons, 1863. Royal 16mo., cloth, 5s.

Harry the Whaler. By the Author of "Harry the Sailor Boy." 18mo. cloth, 1s.

Hoare's (Mrs. E.) The Christian Mother; or, Notes for Mothers' Meetings. 18mo., cloth limp, 1s.

Hodgson's (F. C.) British Influence in India. An Essay. Crown 8vo., boards, 2s.

Home Exercises in Composition and Grammar for Beginners. Crown 8vo., sewed, 3d.

Holy Year (The); or, Hymns for Sundays and Holydays. 3rd edition. 16mo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Irish Convict Reform: the Intermediate Prison a Mistake. By an Irish Prison Chaplain. 8vo., sewed, 1s.

Jones's (T.) Every Man his own Landlord. 4th edition. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Kemp's (Mrs.) Conversations on England as it Was and Is. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Kennedy's (Dr. B. H.) Hymnologia Christiana. Psalms and Hymns arranged in the order of the Christian Seasons. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Kirke's (E.) Life in Dixie's Land; or, South in Secession Time. 2nd edition. Fcap., cloth, 2s.

Laurie's (J. S.) Third Standard Reader; or, Stories of Animals. Fcap., cloth, 9d.

——— Fourth ditto. Fables and Parables. Fcap., cloth, 1s.

Lemprière's Classical Dictionary. Abridged by E. H. Barker, and revised by J. Cauvin. New edition. Crown 8vo., bound, 9s.

——— Ditto, revised by W. Park. New edition. 18mo., 4s. 6d. cloth; 5s. roan.

Low's Shilling Guide to the Charities of London. Fcap., cloth, 1s.

Lytton's (Sir E. B.) Novels. Library edition. Lucretia (2 vols). Vol. I. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

McCaul's (Rev. A.) Examination of Dr. Colenso's Difficulties with regard to the Pentateuch. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

——— Testimony to Divine Authority and Inspiration. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Meadows's (F. C.) New Spanish-English Dictionary. 12th edition. 18mo., 4s. 6d., cloth; 5s. roan.

Midland Masonic Calendar, 1863. 32mo., cloth, 1s.

Mother's (A) Lessons on Kindness to Animals. New edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

Notes and Queries. 3rd series. Vol. II. 4to., cloth, 10s. 6d.

Oxford University Calendar, 1863. 12mo., cloth, 4s.

Parker's (Theodore) Collected Works. Edited by Frances P. Cobbe. Vol. I. Post 8vo., cloth, 6s.

Procter's (A. A.) Legends and Lyrics: a Book of Verses. Vol. II. Third edition. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

Robertson's (Rev. W.) The Desert Pathway. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Robinson's (J. C.) The Italian Sculpture of the Middle Ages. Folio, half morocco, £6. 6s.

Rowe's (C. G.) Mind Whom You Marry; or, the Gardener's Daughter. Second edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

Royle's (A. T.) "Best Peace." With Introduction by Rev. E. Parry. Royal 32mo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

Sandeman (Rev. D.) Memoirs of. By the Rev. A. A. Bonar. Third thousand. Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Savonarola (Girolamo) History of, and of his Times. By Pasquale Villari. Translated by Leonard Horner. Two vols. Crown 8vo., cloth, 18s.

Sixpenny Magazine (The). Vol. IV. 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Smith's (Dr. Geo.) The Cassiterides: an Enquiry into the Commerce of the Phœnicians in Western Europe. 8vo., cloth, 3s.

——— (E.) Elementary View of the Practice of Conveyancing in Solicitors' Offices. Crown 8vo., cloth, 6s.

Steers' (Dr. W.) Therapeutics of the Day: a Series of Letters. Translated by H. Massiah. 8vo., cloth, 8s. 6d.

Suggestive Thoughts: Selections from Christian Authors. By Mrs. Mordey. With Introduction by Norman Macleod. Fcap., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Thoughts for Thinkers: Scraps from the Portfolio of Geo. Mogridge. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

Tom Burton; or, the Better Way. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

Trollope's (Anthony) Tales of all Countries. Second Series. Post 8vo., cloth, 10s. 6d.

Tweedie's (Rev. Dr.) The Life and Works of Earnest Men. Fcap., cloth, 5s.

Vaughan's (Rev. Dr. C. J.) The Book and the Life. Four Sermons before the University of Cambridge. Second edition. Fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.

——— Lessons of Life and Godliness. Second edition. Fcap., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Verses for the Sundays and Holidays of the Christian Year. Royal 32mo., cloth, 2s.

Wellington's (Duke of) Supplementary Despatches. Edited by his Son. Vol. X.—Waterloo, &c. 8vo., cloth, 20s.

West's (E.) Records of 1862, in Verse. Fcap., cloth, 1s.

Wills's (W. J.) Successful Exploration of the Interior of Australia. Edited by W. Wills. 8vo., cloth, 15s.

Wordsworth's The Wanderer; being the first book of "The Excursion;" a Class-book for Training Colleges. Fcap., sewed, 1s.

Yelverton Correspondence (The), with Introduction. By the Hon. Theresa Yelverton. Fcap., sewed, 2s.